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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 862. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jager's Treacle
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN WHEN EMPTY REFILLED
3½ per lb Canister

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

The Great Divorce Sham

by

Sir John Foster Fraser

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

When they BURN, SMART, SWELL, ITCH, BLISTER, PERSPIRE or form CORNS and CALLOUSES REUDEL BATH SALTRATES is all you need.

Read below what EIGHT WORLD'S CHAMPION ATHLETES say about it.

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of REUDEL BATH SALTRATES in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot bath produced by Reudel Bath Saltrates has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst form.

Without any dangerous cutting, painful caustic liquids or plasters, or even the expense and trouble of a visit to the chiropodist your corns can soon be softened and separated from the underlying tissue so they come right out, roots and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. As for callouses, they quickly can be made to soften, turn white, loosen at the edges, curl up, and peel completely off. A small package of Reudel Bath Saltrates is all you need.

THE HARDEST TEST TO WHICH ANY FOOT TREATMENT HAS EVER BEEN SUBJECTED.

In spite of the terrific and long-continued strain for several years, it probably would be impossible to find feet to excel in physical perfection those possessed by Edgar C. Horton, amateur champion long-distance walker. Not a corn, callouse, or other blemish mars them. Like the rest of this endurance marvel's wonderful physique, his feet are sound as the proverbial bell, and never show the slightest sign of any weakness. Was this always the case? It was *not*. Before the time Horton began to set up World's records which his nearest competitors have seldom been able even to approach, he says foot fatigue, aching, burning, soreness, corns, callouses, etc., also sharp pains in his legs, were the bane of his life. These meant the difference between his success or failure as an athlete, so something simply had to be done to get rid of them and stay rid of them. In a recent article Horton says that ever since he commenced to rest his feet occasionally in the medicated and oxygenated foot-bath instantly produced by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates, foot misery and other muscular aches, pains, and stiffness have been only unpleasant memories to him.

WHY ALL THESE CHAMPIONS DEPEND UPON REUDEL BATH SALTRATES AND WHY NOTHING ELSE WILL DO.

It is interesting to note that this same indebtedness to Reudel Bath Saltrates is also acknowledged by Harold V. L. Ross, who holds most of theWorld's walking records for distances under fifty miles—and by Tom Payne, Champion Walker, C. W. Hart, the World's professional champion long-distance runner; by W. G. George, the World's one-mile running champion; by Jack Donaldson, the World's champion sprinter; by Jimmy Wilde, World's champion boxer; Ernest Barry, World's champion sculler; and by the World's record holders in practically every other branch of sport. There never was another pain-banishing treatment which received such endorsement as this.

They all agree that there never will be a better treatment for the purpose, because in Reudel Bath Saltrates absolute perfection has been attained. No home should be without it because when needed it is needed quickly.

Reudel Bath Saltrates can be obtained from any Chemist, Price 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION. SALTRATES Limited, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

Send no money—post the coupon to-day.

The new model JOHN BULL 5/6 Lever Self Filling Pen and the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil presented free with it. The pen has a 14ct. gold nib, iridium tipped and is fitted with screw cap & clip complete. A half-guinea model for 5/6.

Post the Coupon TO-DAY!

be'ore it is too late and receive a

2/6

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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"J.B.," 16.6.23. DATE.....

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283
more benefits paid
Total Now
5,450

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LONDON, E.—Mrs. M. C. WILLIAMSON, 45, Mile End Road.
LONDON, E.—I. SHOCHIK, 24, Fairclough Street, Commercial Road.
TREORCHY.—Mrs. C. JENKINS, 4, Cross Wood Street.
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EASTERTON, Nr. DEVIZES, WILTS.—Mrs. J. SHEPPARD, High Street.
SMALLFIELD, Nr. HORLEY.—Mrs. R. E. WICKENDEN, Hillside Cottage.
HENGOED, GLAM.—Mrs. F. WHITTLE, 20, Alexandra Road.
PARR, ST. HELENS.—Mrs. S. CROOKS, 24, Williamson Street.
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ASTON GATE, BRISTOL.—Mrs. W. E. SMITH, 19, Foxcote Road.
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PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. E. EVANS, 8, Coedpenman Road.
BRYN, PORT TALBOT.—Mrs. C. FRANCIS, 9, Baldwin Street.
TONYPANDY.—Mrs. E. HOWELLS, 4, Charles Street.
STAINFORTH, DONCASTER.—W. HOWSON, 4, Stanley Gardens.
TREORCHY.—W. JENKINS, 40, Dyfodwg Street.
YNYSDDU.—E. JAMES, 9, Caerllwyn Terrace.
YNYSDDU.—Mrs. A. KITCHEN, 11, Station Avenue.
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TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. E. PHIPPS, 3, Vivian Street.
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TAUNTON.—Mrs. D. SHEPPARD, 3, Ivy Cottage, Union Gate.
TIPTON.—Mrs. A. SHERWOOD, 6, House, 4, Court, Park Lane, W.
BROWNHILL, WALSALL.—Mrs. A. THOMAS, Starkys Buildings, Friesland Lane.
ARDSLEY, BARNSLEY.—G. WADDINGTON, 2, Mount Street.
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LYNN.—Mrs. W. BOWMAN, 12, Bingham Newton.
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CUSTOM HOUSE, E.16.—Mrs. HOCKLEY, 13, Wade House.
WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.—Mr. W. H. TUCKER, 92, Mantle Street.
MANSFIELD, NOTTS.—Mr. G. L. FLETCHER, 45, Mill Street.

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HULL.—Mrs. E. GREEN, 16, Norwood Street, Spring Bank.
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PARR, ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mrs. N. RAFTER, 37, Brown Street.
SHAP, WESTMORLAND.—Mr. R. SIMPSON, "Holmeam Trees."
MEANWOOD, LEEDS.—Mr. H. LANGTON, 14, Stainbeck Square.
EAST HAM, E. 6.—Mrs. LEACH, 41, Oakfield Road.
LEEDS.—Mr. C. HOLROYD, 118, Elland Road.
ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. HAYES, 23, Tyndall Street, Hyde Road.
BURLEY, Nr. BROCKENHURST.—Miss E. ROLLS, Pine Cottage.

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ABERTRIDWR, Nr. CAERPHILLY.—Mrs. A. BREEZE, 72, Ilan Road.
BLACKBURN.—Mrs. C. GIBBONS, 107, Greaves Street.
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BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. F. G. STANLEY, 154, Somerset Road, Handsworth Wood.
BURSLEM, STAFFS.—Mrs. F. TIDSWELL, 26, Lower Street.
KIRBY-IN-ASH, NOTTS.—Miss L. HERBERT 104, Hartley Road.
GATESHEAD.—Mrs. R. MACKEAN, 46, Benshaw Crescent.
MOUNTAIN ASH, S. WALES.—Mrs. G. OWENS, 1, Carpenter's Place, Cardiff Road.
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MOSTON, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. E. EDWARDS, 126, Dean Lane.
S. WALES.—Mrs. S. JONES, Cheglas, Tycroes, Pantyffynon, Nr. Ammanford.
HERTS.—Mrs. R. G. SPRINGHAM, 16, Whitley Road, Rye Park, Hoddesdon.
ST. HELENS.—Mr. S. C. HEATON, 65, Atherton Street.

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J.B., 16.6.23.

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(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

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Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

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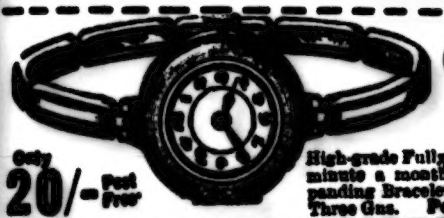

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JOHN BULL

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

A Hopeful Start.

Mr. Baldwin in starting his reparation plans from the fact that France must be helped to obtain security is on the right lines. If he can evolve a satisfactory settlement he will deserve well of the whole world.

Make Them.

That 100,000 houses are standing empty is a scandal in these days. If the owners won't let them Parliament must see that they are forced to do so.

A Great Scheme.

In order to evade their responsibilities the Germans are sinking all their available capital in building. Either the Allies are blind or pitifully helpless.

'Ware Pockets!

The High Commissioner of Palestine is coming to London to look for money for the Jewish loan. So long as he doesn't find any of the taxpayers' money we don't care.

Now for Peace.

Lord Curzon has made it easy for Russia to achieve an early and honourable settlement. The next thing is to start trade in full blast. There is no surer safeguard against Bolshevism.

It Won't Do.

The more the Rents Bill is examined, the more flaws appear in it. There is only one thing that matters—the tenant must be protected until there are sufficient houses to meet the needs of the nation.

Lottery Law.

If the Post Office is within its rights in detaining letters and suppressing correspondence in connection with sweepstakes the sooner such an idiotic piece of legal humbug is swept away the better.

Common-sense.

In deciding to test the resources of political action before resorting to the strike weapon the miners have shown a degree of wisdom all too rare in these days. New times demand new methods—the strike is an antiquated relic.

Where's that Report?

Suicide by gas poisoning is steadily increasing. The Ministry of Health was supposed to be "inquiring" and the Board of Trade was reputed to be "watching." The matter is serious and something must be done.

Futility.

While the League of Nations is solemnly discussing schemes for disarmament its principal members are busily engaged in increasing theirs. Which, as Euclid used to say, is absurd.

In Her Own Interest.

Ellis Island is fast becoming a byword in Europe. In sheer self-respect America would do well to look into the matter and thoroughly overhaul her immigration regulations.

Hypocritical Humbug.

While Britain persists in protecting the opium growing industry in India it is futile to expect other nations to take seriously any proposals for checking the drug traffic.

Where Does It Go?

The average pithead price of coal is 10s. 11d. per ton; the retail price is round about £2. In between pithead and consumer someone is very busy. Who is it?

Wasteful Expenditure—

In the Pensions Ministry are 45 officers who superintend 35 clerks. There is still plenty of need for the "Axe" among the squandermaniacs of Whitehall.

—And Wicked "Economy."

On the other hand a reduction in pensions expenditure from £123,000,000 to £73,000,000 in three years reveals an appalling picture of administration that spells immeasurable hardship in countless cases.

Profits Before Liberty.

There is still a great deal of slave-raiding and trading in Abyssinia, and the Foreign Office is doing nothing to check it. There are certain commercial magnates who could explain this apathy.

Prison for Brutes.

Public interest in preventing cruelty to animals is rapidly growing. Parliament should respond by making imprisonment for deliberate cruelty a substitute for the inadequate fines at present imposed.

Shameful Silence.

Though hardly a week passes without a case of infanticide being tried in the courts, magistrates are as keen as ever in screening the man in the case, falling back on the plea that they are acting on Home Office instructions. Whoever is responsible, such silence is shameful.

An Amazing Scheme.

A "Pantheon" to commemorate the Somme victories may or may not be a good idea, but the proposal to put on its walls only the names of those soldiers whose relatives can afford to pay £5 is simply atrocious. Lord Haig's name appears in connection with the scheme. What does he think about it?

Spend It At Home.

It now looks as if the new naval base at Singapore will cost at least £20,000,000. Much better spend the money in making our Air Service thoroughly efficient.

Watching them Run.

C.I.D. men used to racecourses say they can spot all the regular welshers. Yet they stand by and let the public be fleeced by these rogues. Sounds to us like aiding and abetting.

Registered Robbery.

How long are the public to put up with the lost registered letter ramp of the Post Office? The regulations are so full of quibbles that the system is little better than registered robbery.

Do It Now!

Provision dealers want a definite standard for the use of preservatives in food. The Ministry of Health is proposing an inquiry, but they have sufficient powers already to *act* and should do so without delay.

The Right Method.

The Westminster Technical Institute is on the right lines in training British boys to be waiters and cooks. Foreigners have held posts too long that the trained Britisher can fill better than anyone else.

Not the Way.

Once more it is proposed to help agriculture by putting a large share of the farmer's rates on to the back of the general taxpayer. This is political bankruptcy, and as unfair to the public as it is useless to agriculture.

Needless Waste.

Recent revelations make it clear that an enormous amount of waste and overlapping is going on in hospital administration. If the voluntary method is to succeed there must be more businesslike co-operation.

A Denial.

In the House it is denied that secret orders have been issued to the doctors to "cut" the disability pensions. There is, however, no secret about the fact that doctors have been acting in this way.

National Parsimony.

The miserable treatment of Sir John Cowans' widow by officialdom, and its pleasant sequel at the hands of an unknown gentleman is striking testimony both to the innate chivalry of the individual Englishman and the soullessness of Government red-tape methods.

A Serious Peril.

At present a doctor may certify death merely on information given by relatives. Dr. Salter's Bill to make a personal inspection of the body compulsory will materially lessen the peril of premature burial—a real dread in the minds of many.

Brother and Sister.

Alfred Lavis went to bed with the gas alight. He fell asleep and, the slot supply exhausted, the light went out. Someone in the house put more money in the slot, the gas escaped and Lavis was later found unconscious and taken to the University Hospital. There in an endeavour to save his life his 19-year-old sister gave a pint of her blood for transfusion. But in vain.

A Callous Mother.

Eight little children had their home in a caravan, at the rear of Andenshaw racecourse. It measured only 7 ft. by 4 ft. The eldest child was 15 years old; the youngest twelve months. Their drunken mother, Louisa Monks, who cruelly ill-treated and neglected them, occupied the bunk. The children slept on straw and old sacks underneath. Poor little kiddies! Maybe they will have a better time during the six months Louisa is in jail.

Tortured at the Steak.

An unusual complaint was brought before the Willesden Magistrate by a woman who testified that her husband cooked her dinner before going to work, and that she was nearly starved in consequence. A piece of burnt beef was produced as evidence. The Magistrate inspected it, and shook his head sadly, and the clerk gave advice on a separation order for persistent cruelty. Which again proves that women have less powers of endurance than men.

Hard on the Heathen.

Collections for foreign missions having decreased, and children having been seen entering sweet shops on Sundays, someone connected with St. Cuthbert's Sunday School, Darwen, has got the wind up. "There is the fear in our mind," the good soul writes in the parish magazine," that the children may be spending on sweets money intended to help the work of the Church abroad." He that takes from a child its good character robs it of the best thing it can ever possess.

A Plucky Girl.

To help her family, some being out of work, sixteen-year-old Elizabeth Ellen Alty, of Litherland, wearing her brother's clothing, went into the Cheshire farming district in search of a job. Her motive was good and plucky, but it was a perilous thing for a girl to do. One night she had to sleep out; in the daytime she had to beg for food. And she didn't get a job. Cannot someone about Litherland find work for her out-of-work relations and make little Lizzie a happy girl?

"Suffer Little Children."

For no other avowed reason than that she could not stand the crying of a child, Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Smith, of 87, Catherine Street, Cambridge, applied for an ejectment order against Harry Hull, who with his wife and two children occupied rooms in her house. What is more, she obtained it, in spite of Hull's assurance that he was quite unable to obtain accommodation elsewhere. If this sort of thing continues the only room left for children will soon be the mansions in heaven.

A Scandalous Army Order.

We wonder whether the War Office mandarins who formulated Army Order 155 of April, 1922, whereby short-Service men are precluded from re-engaging so as to qualify for a pension, are aware of the bitterness it is creating in the Service. Only last week a Corporal of the King's Royal Rifle Corps with ten years' service asked to re-engage, and was told he would have to complete his present engagement and then re-enlist as a recruit at Whitehall! It is scandalous that a decade of strenuous service should count for nothing.

Are You Surprised?

At the Old Bailey, Mr. Justice Swift asked the prosecuting counsel: "Are you surprised at immorality in these circumstances?" The father slept in the same bed as the daughter aged 24, a son of 17 also occupying the room. In another room a boy of 12 and a girl of 20 slept together. Sentence of 12 months was passed on the father. A world without poverty would come near to being a world without crime.

Kill and Pay.

At Liverpool, a motorist, John Handley, commercial traveller, was fined £20 and £3 3s. costs for dangerous driving. He had killed an elderly man. The stipendiary said that the fine was the utmost he could impose, and as Handley had not been indicted for manslaughter he could not send him to prison without the option of a fine. So the death roll mounts and the Law connives.

The Schoolmaster and the Dog.

Gilbert Stacey, a Bristol schoolmaster, has been fined £15 with £5 costs, by the Bristol Bench, for inflicting injuries on a trespassing dog that necessitated its destruction. The Magistrate stated that if they had thought the cruelty intentional they would have sent Stacey to prison. School teachers must remember that cruelty can only be indulged in at the expense of boys and not of dogs!

Farm Labourers Deceived.

When the strike of Norfolk farm labourers was settled the farmers agreed that there should be no victimisation. It is reported that some 1,400 men are still without work. At Dereham Police Court, Josiah and Frederick Hunter, farmers, sought an ejection order against E. Reeve their former teamster. F. C. Hunter said seven of his men had left work and he had taken one back. The Bench granted an order for possession in six weeks. This is not playing the game.

Miserable Cheeseparing.

A Northampton man named Nash enjoyed perfect health when he went to France to serve his country in 1915. He came out of the Army a wreck, and died of abscess of the liver and multiple abscesses of the lungs. His widow was refused a pension on the ground that Nash "was not removed from duty for the fatal disability." In other words, the Army doctors had blundered. When Mr. McCurdy raised the case in the Commons, the Pensions Ministry spokesman promised to give serious attention to such cases. Not before it is time!

The Prince and Pensions.

During his tour of Bradford the Prince of Wales noticed an old widow named Dryden who was wearing her dead son's medals, and on learning that she had to work in the mill for a living because she had no pension, at once told her to write to his private secretary at St. James's Palace and promised that the matter of a pension would be attended to. That is just like the Prince—God bless him!—and we hope his kindly interest will stir the officials of the Ministry of Pensions to a sense of duty in hundreds of other similar cases.

The "Good Hope" Ramp.

We must again issue a warning against the "Good Hope Manufacturing Company," of Montreal, Canada, who by promising cash prizes for the solution of a simple puzzle persuade poor people to peddle ointment. Many readers have "qualified" in this manner, and received no benefit whatever, while others who have never even received the ointment alleged to have been sent to them for disposal have been bombarded with letters containing most offensive imputations of dishonesty! Satan rebuking sin is put well in the shade by these Canadian hot-air merchants.

Strangling the Nation.

While the death-rate of England and Wales is 77 per 1,000 that of Cleator Moor is 166; and the Medical Officer of Health attributes this to the fact that unemployment means insufficiently fed and clothed people, especially expectant mothers. What with this and "Dr." Marie Stopes the British race will soon follow the Babylonian into obscurity.

Disturbing Invalids.

Early rising is half of the secret by which one can become "healthy, wealthy and wise." Perhaps that is why the beds of the inmates of the Cockermouth Institution Hospital are made at five o'clock each morning. And "after a lengthy discussion the Committee resolved that they did not think it possible to alter the present arrangements." How would the Committee like to be disturbed at 5 a.m.?

Give Them Their Due.

Two orders for possession were granted at Shoreditch County Court. In one case the tenant had paid no rent since August, 1920, and owed £113 13s., and in the other default had been since April, 1921, with £98 owing. In granting the orders Judge Cluer remarked: "Some landlords are more than charitable." Especially so, seeing that the house owner is responsible for the rates unpaid by the defaulters.

Home Sweet Home—in a Pigsty!

While M.P.s at Westminster crack jokes over the problem of baths in these new houses we have not yet got, and say funny things about ancestors who never washed, people in the country are finding the house famine less amusing. For instance, a Mansfield Woodhouse family, after a long but futile search for somewhere to call home, took up their abode in a pigsty. The local council have solemnly ordered them to quit even that. What is the alternative accommodation—the workhouse?

Another Pit Pony Tortured.

We take off our hat to Mr. S. B. H. Chamberlayne and his colleagues on the Atherstone Bench, who awarded twenty-one days' hard labour to a brutal pony-driver named Ernest Albrighton, of Polesworth. This man dragged a pit pony along on a "twitch"—a stick with a loop of thin cord which is twisted round the tender part of the animal's nose. Anyone who has seen such an instrument in use knows what exquisite torture can be inflicted with it, and will agree that the sentence was none too severe.

Honouring Dead Heroes.

On June 23rd, The Airdrie War Memorial is to be unveiled. Many comrades and relatives of fallen heroes have already brought or ordered artificial wreaths to lay at the foot of the cenotaph. The Town Clerk, however, has issued a notification that none of these will be allowed. This order has given great grief to many, and it is to be hoped it may yet be rescinded. Why should Catholics, for instance, who customarily use wreaths beautifully wrought in beads, be debarred from honouring their dead in their own fashion?

The Country Waking Up!

The St. Lawrence Parish Council, near Ramsgate, have suddenly awakened to a sense of duty in the matter of sanitation, householders having received the following: "Notice is hereby given that the dust-cart will be in your district on the first Monday in each month, commencing on the 4th day of June. All house refuse must be placed on the forecourt." The thoroughfares will present a pleasant spectacle with a month's accumulation of garbage lying in wait for the arrival of the scavenger. We wonder whether the Council will provide him with a gas-mask.

The Act of a Maniac.

Was William Hine, of Sunderland, medically examined before being sent to jail for six months? If not, he ought to have been. It is inconceivable that any man, who is not a dangerous lunatic, could be guilty of such an inhuman and barbarous crime as that of deliberately branding his poor young wife on both arms with a red-hot poker. Something should be done to save Hine from a bad end.

Safety First.

The commonsense of the majority of its members has saved the Pwllhelli Evangelical Council from being a laughing-stock. Had they started the campaign against gambling, which Mr. Thomas Owen suggested, they must have stamped on the corns of some of their wealthy leaders whose fortunes have been made by speculation. The wind blowing so, the Brer Rabbits of Wales are lying low and doing nothing.

Not Likely!

Charged at Marlborough Street Court with stealing a hat valued £1 11s. 11d. from Messrs. Bourne and Hollingsworth, Mrs. Miller was discharged by Mr. Mead. Mrs. Miller is the wife of a company manager with a salary of £1,200-£1,500 a year. As she had the hat on her head when stopped in the establishment, unwittingly as she explained, the charge seems to have been preposterous and the decision just.

The Thirsty Kiddies.

A Tottenham reader engaged in the refreshment trade draws our attention to the fact that the recent legal decision compelling shops selling table waters and confectionery to close at 8 p.m. on Sundays results in the ridiculous anomaly that parents returning dusty-throated from a family picnic and desiring to quaff ginger-beer after that hour may do so in public-houses, while their children have to remain outside thirsty. Well may we exclaim with the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, "Enough of this foolery!"

A Parson's Son.

Recently the Margate Magistrates very sensibly sentenced a man named Pearce to a month's hard labour for beating a dog to death with a poker. An individual named Walter K. Lewis, the son of a former local clergyman, has since had the temerity to write to a local paper abusing the Justices for their action, declaring that "neither children nor animals are thrashed and broken in as they used to be, and the results are disastrous already." Fancy the son of a parson rushing into print to express such sentiments!

No Mortuary.

Liversedge is poor indeed that it has no public mortuary where post-mortem examinations can be conducted, and the conditions now existing are both disgraceful and discreditable to the district. The only places where they can take place are the houses of the families bereaved. The people's souls are outraged and tortured when they hear the footsteps of the officially ordered medical men in their rooms, and they know what is taking place. Poor Liversedge, that it suffers such things!

Skins and Skinflints.

We are receiving a good may complaints regarding the methods of dealers in moleskins. For instance, a Cornwall reader sent seventeen skins by registered post to G. Sandy, Barnby Street, London, N.W., on April 13th. They remained unacknowledged in spite of repeated applications, and it was not until it was pointed out that the post office held his receipt for the parcel that Sandy deigned to reply. Then he sent the molecatcher seventeen pence, though he had been offering up to seventy-five shillings a hundred! No wonder profits in the fur trade are notoriously high.

Judicial Vindictiveness.

When a motorist got off lightly at the Newport (Isle of Wight) Court, he showed his gratitude by sportily paying the fine of a crippled beggar who was being sent to prison in default. The motorist's action contrasted well with the vindictiveness of the Magistrates who were sending a cripple to prison for a fortnight for stealing a half-crown picture.

How Ratepayers' Money Goes.

After paying J. B. McMaster £8,000 for the Hessle Motor 'Bus Service, Hull Corporation applied to the Ministry of Health for permission to run it, a thing business men ought to have done before parting with the ratepayers' money. Their application being refused they tried to sell the service by tender, and McMaster offered them £4,000! Cool, to say the least.

Skinning the Skeletons.

After neglecting four calves until they became living skeletons, Alfred Sims, a Bath farmer, turned them into a field as bald as an egg. They were found there so weak that they staggered when they moved. A fine of £5 was inflicted; worse than no punishment to a man in his position. The Farmers' Union ought to ostracise him and his kind.

CONTENTMENT.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

SAYS the proverb: "A contented mind is a continual feast."

Conversely we hear much of the "divine discontent" which is the root of all progress.

The two are not necessarily opposed. There is a base contentment and a sublime contentment; a contentment that implies moral stagnation, and a contentment that springs from the harmonious exercise of one's powers in the service of a worthy object.

There are human parasites who are meanly content to live on the fruits of others' labour and sacrifice.

Such despicable natures exist in all ranks of society from the richest to the poorest.

Where any man succeeds in placidly dodging his share of the burdens of life it will generally be found that someone else is carrying double.

Precisely the same spirit may exhibit itself as rabid discontent.

A discontented man often only means one who has been thwarted in the endeavour to exploit his fellows.

His discontent is mainly envy, covetousness, or the refusal to recognise merit superior to his own.

It is not inspired by a real sense of justice or by any high desire for betterment.

A nobly contented mind must always be to some extent unselfed.

It is free from the fever of anxiety for personal gain, and governed by an impersonal purpose.

It is born of a good conscience conjoined to moderate desires and willing usefulness. It never dwells with idleness.

Hence it may and usually does consort with such discontent as supplies the urge towards improvement.

No honest heart can be truly contented that has no capacity for this discontent: the one involves the other.

Know what you ought to do, and do it; cease from fume and fret; and sweet contentment is yours.

Its possession makes all the difference between an ordered and a tumultuous life.

Disease for Sale.

For having fourteen pieces of tubercular meat exposed for sale on his stall on the Tottington Market ground, Samuel Smith, butcher, Tottington Road, Woolford, had to pay £70. Which was not a penny too much. The stuff might have put many in the grave. Trading in rotten meat stuff will not be stopped until some of the dealers are made to eat it.

The Vicar of Llantarnam.

Broad-minded and tolerant Rev. T. Donne, Vicar of Llantarnam, holding the opinion that Sunday sacred concerts at the new Parish Hall are "a menace that will open the door to the devil," he has removed from office in his church all who have taken part in them. Now their only chance of escaping the bogey man is for Llantarnam to get a new vicar.

The Bishop and the Huns.

Almost the whole of the Bishop's notes in the Winchester Diocesan Chronicle are devoted to an appeal for funds for German university students. Seeing that any poverty in Germany is due directly to the deliberate depreciation of currency by the Huns in order to avoid payment of reparations, to appeal for money for them from a country which is suffering such distress as ours strikes us as a piece of effrontery.

Petty Meanness.

We should like to know why pensioners undergoing treatment at the Broad Street Clinic, Birmingham, who are unable, through illness, to attend, are stopped a day's treatment allowance for every day's absence, even though they are excused by the doctor at the hospital or send a medical certificate explaining their non-attendance. One would imagine that someone sits up late at night to invent every possible petty meanness to the prejudice of poor pensioners.

Diamond Cuts Diamond.

So full of scandalous iniquities is the new Reassessments Act that the authorities probably imagine that one more or less doesn't count; so a new one is introduced. A circular has been sent from Somerset House, authorising local tax inspectors to appoint a clerk from their office as the assessor. This means that the inspector is able to control the man whose presumed job is to reassess property in favour of the tenant, not of the inspector. Which is hard lines on the tenant.

Prostituting the Police.

Disgraceful prostitution of police activity was disclosed last week at Ross-on-Wye, when P.C. Lines related how on instructions from his superintendent he disguised himself as a tramp and told a tissue of falsehoods regarding a job of woodcutting in order to obtain from a farmer cider in a smaller quantity than allowed by law. The farmer took pity on the apparently exhausted man and gave him cider to drink, afterwards allowing him to take away a quantity in a jar; and the following day accepted a shilling on account of a 4½ gallon cask. For this he was fined £3 and costs! Disgraceful!

A Wireless Wangle.

We are being inundated with complaints regarding Burrough's Wireless Agency, a firm formerly located in Stuart Road, Peckham Rye, who have recently removed to a more pretentious address in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. They advertise "Wireless for all on easy terms," but those who send them money discover that the goods are not delivered until the whole of the purchase price has been paid, and get no satisfaction if they object to these terms and ask for their money back. We find on enquiry that the National Association of Radio Manufacturers know nothing of the concern.

A Man Who Duped Peers!

AN interesting sequel to our exposure of Mr. Adolphus "Parry" Fielder, the originator of a preposterous scheme for an international exhibition, has taken place in the shape of a criminal charge of obtaining money by false pretences brought against him last week at the Old Bailey.

Fielder had assumed the name of Parry, and falsely represented that Judge Parry was his uncle. His usual flat-catching device was a proposal to hold a big exhibition. He tried to establish one at Adderley Park, near Birmingham.

It was said that a guarantee fund of £200,000 had been obtained, and that Lord Howard de Walden would take an interest in the scheme at a subsequent period. The "guarantee fund" never materialised, and the whole project collapsed.

Fielder refused to be discouraged. He founded a company to run an exhibition at Felixstowe, and got a good deal of money invested in it by local enthusiasts.

Then he started his greatest undertaking, the Birmingham International Exhibition, and got on the council people like the Earl of Plymouth, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord Leigh, Lord Aberdare, Lord Riddell, Lord Leverhulme, Sir Joseph Cook, of Australia, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby of the Privy Council.

He gave a lunch at the Ritz Hotel, with Lord Templetown in the chair.

Guests such as Lord Leigh, Lord Aberdare, Lord Molesworth, and Sir Joseph Cook, would certainly not have enjoyed their lunch had they known that it was being got from the hotel on credit by an undischarged bankrupt.

We exposed this man's record.

Our exposure produced prompt results. Representatives of the police called at our offices and asked for such assistance as would lead to the laying of a criminal charge.

We placed the documents in our possession at their disposal, and after consequent inquiries had been pursued Mr. Fielder was arrested. Last week he was convicted and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

In addition to the fraud of several thousands of pounds on a Mr. Hobbs and a Miss Crossthwaite, for which offences he was convicted, Fielder obtained over £3,000 from a Mrs. Branscombe of Birmingham, who is now practically ruined; £1,000 from Mr. James Howden, an engineer of Glasgow; over £200 from a Mr. Ridler of Langley Green, Birmingham; £49 for motor hire from a Mr. Conway of South Kensington; £80 for motor hire from a Mr. Thomas Hickman of Richmond; over £52 from Mrs. Woodcock of Lily House, Acton, £40 from a Mr. Williams of Shepherd's Bush, and various sums of money from quite a number of other people.

The case of Mr. Parry Fielder contains a strong hint for a number of people like him whose activities are also under our observation.

A Wily Old Rogue!

INQUIRIES are being made into the activities of a high-sounding organisation called the Westminster Charity Committee. The following article answers their questions, and throws a flood of light on the wily old rogue who is the master-mind behind this organisation and has for many years lived and flourished on gross and impudent imposition.

THE authorities are inviting the public to give them immediate information when they are appealed to for subscriptions on behalf of the Westminster Charity Committee.

If they had applied to us we should have been very glad to give them some information which throws a startling light on the body which they desire to investigate.

The Westminster Charity Committee operates from 29, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W. This is the address of a notorious humbug named Walter Blackburn, who has for years been a professional philanthropist, collecting money for charities, and keeping the bulk of the proceeds for himself. He has used various aliases; he has been fined for irregularities in connection with charitable appeals, and on one occasion got six months' imprisonment for a similar offence.

From 28, Bessborough Gardens, was run the Gospel Mission for Blind Adults. Ellen Currie and Lilian Dyke, female assistants of Blackburn, were charged at Westminster Police Court a few months ago in connection with this charity. They were both fined. Blackburn lurked in the background and escaped.

From 28, Bessborough Gardens, also, was run the appeal for the Hospital Home for Incurables, Raynes Park, Wimbledon. Blackburn ran that appeal and collected £1,200. Out of this he charged £800 for commission and expenses.

Before he moved to Bessborough Gardens, Blackburn lived in Brixton. He left there for better premises, explaining that "Nothing Succeeds Like Success." We agree. The year before he left he collected, on his own admission in Court, over £2,000. The amount he paid into charities was less than £500.

Out of the expenses a sum of £339 was set aside to buy an annuity for Blackburn himself. At that time he was running the Blind Aid Society.

With reference to this Society, Mr. Leycester, the Lambeth magistrate, said it was impossible to tell from the books "whether the Society had ever accounted for all the money it had received, and nothing which could be called a balance sheet had ever been issued, nor did any material exist upon which one could be made."

Christmas-time is harvest time to this gentleman. He got the Vicar of St. Georges, Battersea, to lend his hall for the distribution of free dinners to poor children. Since then he discovered that his name and that of his wife were being used in connection with Blackburn's charitable appeals. He has, of course, put a stop to this.

Despard House is another charity for which appeals have been made by the Westminster Charities Committee, which operates from Blackburn's address. This charity was founded by Mrs. Despard, who is a sister of Lord French of Ypres, formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Recently a circular was issued appealing to the charitable public to provide hot nourishing food during the cold weather to the poorest London children. The appeal was made on behalf of Despard House, and the Honorary Secretary was Miss L. Dyke, 50, Peckham Road, S.E.

Miss Dyke is the lady who was fined as recorded above in the case of the Gospel Mission for Blind Adults.

We do not suppose for a moment that Mrs. Despard knew the character of these people when she consented to their collecting for a charity she so kindly organised. We think it not less likely that she does not know how much these people collected for this charity over and above the amount they condescended to hand in.

Blackburn's latest enterprise is to approach hospitals and charitable institutions throughout the country, with a specious explanation of the manner in which their revenues can be increased by skilful organisation. He does not explain how much his own revenues will be increased if they put the business of collecting for them into his hands.

As many of these institutions are suffering from lack of funds they are tempted to consent. House-to-house collections are then organised by Blackburn, who employs collectors who deduct their own commission and expenses, and send the remainder on to Blackburn, who takes what he likes, and hands the rest over with a gesture of generosity and benevolence to those for whom the money was collected.

Is this enough for the authorities? We should think it was enough, and to spare.

We hope that the publication of this information will not only meet the requirements of Scotland Yard, but will warn the public to be careful how they give their money to charity, if they are not willing that the greater part of it should go to keep in luxury the pestilent professionals who live by exploiting for their own benefit the sickness, the sorrow, the sufferings and misfortunes of mankind.

The Elusive Mr. Chesterfield

How NOT to Make a Fortune

THERE are some very kind people in the world whose generous ambition it is to show other people how to make wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Such a gentleman is Mr. M. A. Chesterfield, of 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C.2. He is full of the milk of human kindness, and specialises in showing you how to make money by the mail-order business, in which he says he is an expert.

You send him a guinea, and promise to send him another when you have made a profit of £50. In return for this, he sends you a course of lessons showing you how to become your own master, and make pots and pots of money, together with thirty propositions for starting a mail-order business and stepping straight into the ranks of the independent and the wealthy.

It is a curious thing that there is another gentleman called Mr. W. J. Ballard, of 71, Graces Road, Camberwell, London, S.E., also making similar offers, and the astonishing thing is that the wording of Mr. Ballard's circular is precisely and exactly the same as the wording of Mr. Chesterfield's circular — an amazing example of two great and philanthropic minds thinking, not only alike, but in exactly the same words, with exactly the same italics, emphasising exactly the same points.

Both of them say that their offer is *NOT BLUFF*, both using capitals to make their assurance doubly sure.

The road to wealth, however, according to the letters of Chesterfield, is not altogether smooth. A reader of JOHN BULL sent him a guinea, in return for which it was suggested to him that he should take up the sale of a Trousers-Tree line. The reader agreed, and sent Chesterfield, at his request, the sum of £10 for a thousand note-heads, circulars and illustrations, together with a thousand names of established traders and wholesalers.

That was last February. We regret to say that our reader has not yet got the thousand note-heads nor the thousand names of established traders and wholesalers.

He has not even got the courtesy of a reply to his repeated applications for the printed matter as promised, or for his money back. In vain he has tried to see Chesterfield, or to get him on the telephone. He has parted with over £11, plus the cost of dozens of telephone calls.

In the circumstances, we strongly advise our readers to pursue the legitimate ambition of improving their positions by some other way than sending money to the effusive and elusive Mr. Chesterfield.

He talks about the apparent effrontery of other people who offer business propositions. What about the effrontery of taking £10 from a client and giving him neither the service he sought to buy, nor even the courtesy of a reply as to what has become of his money?

We advise our reader, who rightly complains of this cavalier treatment, to invite the assistance of Scotland Yard.

Dens the Police Must Raid!

WE have more than once drawn attention to the secret drinking-dens which are dotted about the West End of London. In some cases action has been taken. But there are others which remain immune from interference and continue their illegal trade with brazen effrontery. Why? In this article we point out some of the plague spots. We demand that they shall be attacked without fear or favour.

THE scandal of proprietary clubs, set up for no other reason than to make profits out of selling drink, whether in or out of the prohibited hours, has been repeatedly ventilated in these columns.

These dangerous dens are scattered all over London and in many of the big provincial cities. They are plague spots in our social life, the gathering-places of undesirables, of crooks, of professional gamblers, of women of bad character, of all the very type of people whose activities should be persistently and relentlessly restricted in the public interest.

Mr. D'Eyncourt, the well-known London magistrate, sitting at Great Marlborough Street Police Court, makes a public appeal in this connection. He invites the assistance of the Press to focus public opinion on the grave flaw in our legal system by which it is possible for anybody to form a proprietary club by the mere and simple act of registering it at a police court.

We say plainly that this is drawing a red-herring across the track. What is wanted is not so much an alteration in the system of registering clubs, but prompt and effective action on the part of the authorities in dealing with the bogus clubs which misuse the powers given to them under this form of registration.

The police know where these clubs are, or ought to know. Why do they not raid them?

Mr. D'Eyncourt plaintively observes that the police have no power to visit any club except under the authority of a search warrant granted on sworn information that something had been done which would justify the magistrates in striking the club off the register.

Again we say plainly, that it is the business of the authorities to get such information. That is what the detective force exists for. Nor is there any serious difficulty about obtaining knowledge in connection with matters which are so notorious to all the habitués of the underworld of London, and to those who take a prominent part in night life.

Is it unknown to the police, for example, that there is a drinking-den in Greek Street, which is the familiar resort after hours of all sorts of loose characters and chronic evil-doers?

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Why has no effective effort been made to deal with a notorious house situated in a side street off Tottenham Court Road, that runs parallel to Oxford Street? Most of the hangers-on of the night life of the West End know this place well. The shady bookmakers, their even more shady touts, the bribe-taking waiters, the people who live by finding "suckers," and all the other parasites of the fast life, boast openly that this place is so run as to make a successful police raid almost impossible.

The plan is quite simple, and it ought not to escape detection by the least experienced and least subtle member of a trained force.

In the main room upstairs, devoted to gambling and hard-and-fast drinking, a buzzer is fitted. Downstairs, concealed in the fittings of the hall door, is a tiny bell push. In the glass of the door is concealed the tiniest of spy-holes. This equipment is relied upon to give complete inmunity.

When anybody comes to the door he is first inspected, unknown to himself, through the spy-hole. If he is a member the door is opened, and he and his friends are passed in. If he is a stranger a preconcerted signal is given upstairs by pressing the concealed bell-push, which in turn operates the buzzer in the drinking-room.

Immediately the warning signal is given, all glasses are emptied, all money swept off the tables, and the place is rapidly given a perfectly innocent appearance. By the time the bolts and bars on the hall-door downstairs have been slowly and creakingly drawn the police officer, or spy, has been successfully frustrated.

In this case the circumstances are made more remarkable by the fact that the licence of this place was some time ago withdrawn. That has not in any way lessened the light-hearted determination of the people who run it to continue to reap a rich harvest by selling spirits which are concealed under the counter.

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Another club is situated just off Wardour Street, and it is perfectly incomprehensible why it should continue to enjoy immunity. Youngbloods about town in evening clothes, accompanied by expensively and loudly dressed women, roll up at all hours of the night, ostensibly to dance. Once inside, they can get, behind closed doors, all the drink they want at prices that would stagger sober humanity and of a quality that would produce the same effect.

Not far away, off the Charing Cross Road, is another institution which purports to be a dance club. It was established, phœnix-like, on the ashes of another club that did contrive to attract the attentions of the police. It was closed down. Under another name it resumed active operations, and is now nightly thronged with the people who know where to go, and who are resolved not to submit to any inconveniences prescribed by the laws they openly laugh at.

It is an unfortunate thing that the existence of these places, run by people who are well known, and a large proportion of them aliens, leads to an uneasy feeling that there are ways and methods by which unpleasant attentions by the police can be diverted.

Since our recent exposures of some of the apache dens of the West-End, the police in the Great Marlborough Street district have shown much activity and effected some very satisfactory coups, including the further conviction of the notorious Mrs. Merritt. But it is very difficult to understand the complaints which are made in other parts of London by people who have been subjected to drastic police action.

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In one case a well-known man, connected with a club in Suburbia, was raided by the police. The evidence given in this case was not very impressive, but it was enough to secure conviction—and we may let that pass. But he is making the astonishing statement that for months before the raid took place he was privately approached by a police officer, who invited him to "drop," or, in other words, to make a secret payment. This he refused to do.

He says that the police officer was very persistent, and pointed out that other people "dropped," and that if he refused to follow the general example trouble for him would ensue. He still declined, and ordered the police officer, who had no right to be there, to leave the premises.

Shortly afterwards, when leaving a well-known sporting club with a friend, this gentleman was approached by a man who threatened to punch him on the nose. He walked towards a policeman to ask him to take in charge the man who had threatened assault. To his astonishment the man disclosed himself to be a detective, and to his still greater astonishment this detective arrested him on a charge of pocket picking.

After an hour's delay at the police-station they were told some error had occurred, and that they were free to go.

Next morning, he says, the local police officer called again, and said: "Well, I told you there would be trouble. You have had some. 'Drop' like a sensible fellow and like the others, or you will get more."

He again refused, and the prosecution followed.

We tell the story as he has told it to us. We certainly think his story should be enquired into, in the interests of the police force no less than of the public.

If an enquiry is thought proper, we shall gladly place in the possession of the authorities the information we hold.

It is in nobody's interest that these dark hints should go uninvestigated. Here is an opportunity to deal effectively with them—much more useful than vague magisterial appeals to alter the law.

A ROTTER AND A REVUE

Shameless Lies of a Bogus Manager

A GRINNING cynic behind the glitter of revue is revealed in the following story of a bogus manager's shameless attempt to obtain capital for a dying show.

A few weeks ago there appeared in a theatrical paper an advertisement asking for a partner willing to invest £30 in a "well-known successful revue." It was stipulated that the partner should "travel with the show and take charge."

An applicant received a reply from one George Williams, of Knowl Street, Hollins Road, Hollinwood, Manchester, headed "Talk to Yourself" Revue, offering the prospective investor five per cent. of the takings after all expenses apart from salaries had been paid, with a guarantee of £3 a week, and one-sixth of the profits.

"I am one of the few people who have solved the problem of making revue pay during the present slump," said this wonderful impresario. "I simply cannot lose. I was running it three-handed last year and taking one-third. I took for my share £137 in under ten months."

In view of disgraceful details given by Williams regarding his method of running the company, the applicant in question communicated with the Secretary of the Joint Protection Committee comprised of representatives of the Association of Touring Managers, the Variety Artistes' Federation, and other bodies of theatrical employees.

Learning that the show was booked to appear at Stratford last week, the Secretary wrote to the Management of the Theatre Royal there.

In reply he received an amazing communication from Williams, who openly confessed himself to be a liar in such phrases as "The figures given in these letters were simply rot and unworkable," and "I have never made a penny out of the revue."

At the same time he made it appear that he had more or less washed his hands of any financial responsibility in connection with the show.

In the meantime the secretary had received serious complaints regarding non-payment of salaries from people in the production, which proved that Williams was a bogus manager of the worst type.

On the representations of the secretary the management of the Theatre Royal at Stratford engaged another company.

It is greatly to the credit of the organisation concerned that they were able to prevent the further exploitation of the artistes engaged in "Talk to Yourself," but if, as we have so often urged, all theatrical managers were compelled to take out a licence, such rotters of revue as Williams would soon be driven off the road altogether.

The Craze for the Knife!

WE appeal to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the new Minister of Health, to give his immediate and personal attention to the grave scandal of practically compulsory operations for adenoids upon children attending our schools.

Two months ago we made a similar appeal, after the case of a little girl named Brenda Rees, who died in the Wood Green Cottage Hospital during an operation for the removal of her tonsils.

It was explained that she was suffering from *status lymphaticus*, and that the operation was successful, the anæsthetic properly administered, and the doctors skilful. But she died—which appears to have been the only blemish in an otherwise admirably conducted business.

We repeat our appeal to the Minister of Health, because of another very painful case which has just occurred in the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E. A laughing, nine-year-old boy named Henry Bidmead, was placed on the operating table to have his tonsils removed. He died in the course of the operation.

The boy was instructed to have this operation by an L.C.C. doctor—the usual procedure in these matters. The parents rarely know that they can refuse in such cases.

The operation was performed by Mr. Michael Blasto, F.R.C.S., of Wimpole Street, W., who discovered, in the course of it, that a large vessel was bleeding. He tried to stop the bleeding and failed. The child died, partly from loss of blood, and partly from asphyxia.

He said that the whole thing was over before anything could be done, and he was left without a chance. In spite of the doctor's skill, it will seem to many people that it was rather the poor child who was left without a chance.

The police surgeon, who conducted the post-mortem said the anæsthetic had nothing whatever to do with the death, but that the blood vessel supplying the right tonsil was abnormally large. This is only another way of saying these operations are very dangerous, though they are very popular with the doctors.

The President of the Throat and Nose Section of the British Medical Association recently praised Providence for having placed the tonsils where they were easy of access, and could be readily removed.

At the inquest on young Bidmead, the coroner, Doctor Edwin Smith, declared that he had inspected the removed tonsil and was satisfied that the operation was necessary. It is not desirable that coroners should give evidence to themselves in their own court.

In any case, it is clearly the duty of the Minister of Health to clear up the matter. It is a wicked scandal that so many bereaved parents should be mourning children taken from them owing to a misapprehension of the real legal position.

In the Toils of the Yellow Gang

HERE are the facts about the white women of Chinatown and the morals and customs of their yellow "husbands." Made obedient by fear, debauched by opium, these unfortunate women do not know where to look for succour. Can the police do nothing?

WHEN are the white women of Chinatown to be saved from their Chinese owners? Our sensational exposure of the drug market and gambling dens has resulted in a cleaning up of two of Chinatown's leading vices. But the third—the traffic in white women—is the worst. If Inspector Nichols who has effected hundreds of arrests as a result of our articles, can save the white women of Chinatown he will deserve our lasting gratitude.

The position is an extraordinary one. There undoubtedly is a dreadful lure for women in these narrow, ill-lit streets of Limehouse. The Chinese quarter, to do it justice, is outwardly clean; but behind these bolted doors, behind these barred shutters are pictures which would bring tears to every British mother. Here we see young pretty white girls, held, by some strange fascination, in the embrace of the Chinese underworld. For mark you, it is not the best class of Chinamen who lives in Pennyfields and its weird surroundings. But unfortunately it is very often the better class girl who falls for the cunning Chink.

Some of these girls, let it be said, are duly married to the Chinese husbands. But others are just held in ransom by the yellow men who exercise such a magnetic spell over them that even when British authority comes to rescue them they are reluctant to give their slave-owners away. In fact, they stand up for their betrayers. Sometimes it is perhaps because they have grown to like the Chink, but often it is because they are afraid of them. What produces this fear! Even May Roberts, the notorious Opium Queen, would not tell the name of the Chinaman who was the cause of her punishment.

We have reason to believe that a large number of Chinamen who have married English girls already have wives in their own country. Cannot the police constitute inquiries and get some of these men for bigamy? That, at least, would help white girls to see the true character of the yellow men. Kipling never wrote a truer line than his much quoted "Oh, East is East and West is West and ne'er the twain will meet." If you could see and compare the habits and tastes of these strangely assorted pairs you would see why.

The raids on opium and cocaine dens which were conducted after an exposure showed to what uses white girls were being put by their Chinese overlords. Some of the scenes were too dreadful for words. Young girls in the grip of drugs were reduced to the pitiable state of helplessness. Their morals could be no more degraded.

And the Chinaman does not keep to one woman. Lum Chong, who kept May Roberts, lived with many other white women. He had a regular harem, although, having a wife in China. What respect can these yellow men have for the white women who so debase themselves! This man Lum Chong showed his callousness by "marrying" himself to another white woman, a Mrs. Lum Fook (white wife of a deported Chinaman) when May Roberts was sent to prison. Mrs. Fook is still to be seen in Limehouse.

Another keeper of white women is Kai Ching, but he lives with them at various addresses. He should be well known to the police, whom we invite to make some investigation. Among other Chinamen who live with white women is Lee Dang, address, High Street, Poplar and Ling Pong Yon.

An instance of the "happiness" existing between Chinamen and their white women is provided by the case of Ah Soo, of Pennyfields, who has just gone to prison for three months' hard labour, for being concerned in the opium traffic. This dirty hulk tried to defend himself in Court by saying that his white wife, with whom he had quarrelled, had given him away!

But the worst is still to come. It has been brought to our notice that Chinamen, emboldened by the inactivity of the police so far as their white women traffic is concerned, have actually appointed agents who are touring the West End of London for their white preys. These despicable agents have all the plausible arguments of the White Slave Traffic. Alluring tales of the "wonderful life in Chinatown" are told them. A visit is suggested. Another visit and so—till the dreadful lure has possessed them.

It sounds incredible, but there are at present over a hundred white girls living in a state of immorality with the yellow men of Limehouse.

Is it not time something was done to stop this nauseating scandal?

Master Minds of Crime

WHY should London occupy the bad eminence of being the favoured home of all the criminals, the crooks, the jewel-thieves, the confidence tricksters, the motor-car lifters, the forgers, and the "hold-up" men who have been driven out of the countries they made too hot to hold them?

Never before have there been so many foreign thieves and rascals enjoying the easy hospitality of this country. The West End is full of them. You can jostle up against them in the cafés and bars of Piccadilly, and in the lounges of the fashionable and palatial hotels.

The most dangerous of them come from America, partly because there is no language difficulty in their way, and partly because the American authorities have, since the war, made a great and resolute drive against the grafters and sharks of the U.S.

After the war America found it necessary to make desperate efforts to stem the wave of crime that swept over it. A great part in the campaign was played by Dr Simon, the millionaire Police Commissioner in New York. At first the crooks laughed at him, and called him "Simple Simon!" But when they heard that he had under consideration a plan for dealing with persistent and habitual rogues by branding them on the hand they woke up, and a good many of the worst characters fled to the less dangerous and quite as profitable arena here.

A type of the rascal who has descended upon us is the well-known international crook James T. Burke, who is at present serving only a short sentence in an English gaol. When this rascal was arrested for robbing a Hampstead butcher he pretended to be suffering from loss of memory.

Amongst the things he forgot was the fact that he had served nearly three years in a Canadian penitentiary for fraud, and that he had been convicted three times for such offences as housebreaking, larceny and false pretences since he paid us the doubtful company of coming to live on this side of the Atlantic.

Another disreputable invader from the United States is a sharper known as "Little Sammy." His speciality is the robbery of well-to-do men whom he inveigles into the clutches of evil women. He hides behind his women accomplices, practises blackmail and robbery under arms, and boasts that he is much too "slick" for the back-number police guys who are on his track. He lives a life of lavish luxury.

Then there is the notorious Captain Smith, alias Johns, alias Cheihl, who is wanted by Scotland Yard, and by the French police, as well as by the authorities in New York. He has been amazingly successful in daring robberies which have been to him almost as profitable as his great coup in America, where he founded a bank in St. Louis, and decamped with nearly a quarter of million dollars.

This man is a great friend of the notorious William Warren, better known as "Bludger Bill," who is the real Hidden Hand behind the gang of American crooks in Europe, and was recently arrested in France. Captain Smith, who is quite as important as "Bludger Bill," fled to Antwerp by aeroplane on the same day, and thence came to London, where he is lying low.

Recently an international police force has come into existence. The revelations given above show that there is plenty of scope here for its activities.

ENDANGERING FOOD SUPPLIES

Help Needed for the Farmers

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

"AGRICULTURE is in a desperate condition," said Mr. Neville Chamberlain in supporting the Agricultural Rates Bill; "profits have in many cases vanished altogether." That was the basis of the debate. But "profit" is not the vital point. If farming were a business like the making of stay laces or butterscotch, the farmer might be allowed the glorious privilege of getting on or getting out, and nobody except his dependents and friends would sit up nights to worry.

What distinguishes farming from most of the country's industries is that it is as essential to the nation's security as its fleet, its army, or its air service.

We came horribly near the verge of defeat by starvation in the last war, and only saved ourselves by a quick, desperate increase of our native food production. In the year of victory we grew 11,643,000 quarters of wheat; in 1920-21 this had dwindled to 7,104,000 quarters. We are now growing less grain than we did in 1914.

IN Kent, where I live, all farmers are converting their plough lands into grazing meadows. If another war came, we should be more dependent on imported food than we have ever been in our history, and yet everybody knows that, under the conditions of a future war, owing to the development of submarines and aircraft, it would be more than ever difficult to convey food supplies from overseas.

To avert this menace, the Government propose to establish credit banks for farmers and to reduce local rates. The "remedy" recalls the heroic effort of Dame Partington to push back the Atlantic Ocean with her dollymop. Mr. Chamberlain talks of farmers' "profits." The agricultural problem is not a question of raising 5 per cent. or 6 per cent. for Mr. Colin or Mr. Hodge. It is a question of the safety and life of the British Commonwealth.

NO political party dare suggest protection for agriculture, because townspeople, whose votes are overwhelmingly dominant, wouldn't stand any measure which might possibly tend slightly to increase the price of foodstuffs. Townspeople will not begrudge an increase of ten or even fifty million pounds a year in expenditure on airships or submarines so long as they are allowed to pay for their safety by indirect taxation on beer or tea; but they would kick like Hades if they were asked to pay straight for a ha'porth of tar to caulk those necessary vessels.

Protection, therefore, is impossible. What is the alternative? At present, large areas are going out of cultivation, land is understocked, farmers are flung into the Bankruptcy Court, labourers are drifting into the towns to swell the mass of unemployed, wages are falling below the standard at which decent life can be maintained, and some of the sturdiest, heftiest men in this island stand in queues at the offices of the Dominion Governments to secure assisted passages to Australia, New Zealand and Canada.

What are we going to do about it? There are two practical possibilities. The National Farmers' Union might organise their members into a plan of co-operation such as that practised in Denmark, by which costly machinery is bought and used collectively and essential cattle foods are secured at wholesale instead of retail prices, or co-operatively produced.

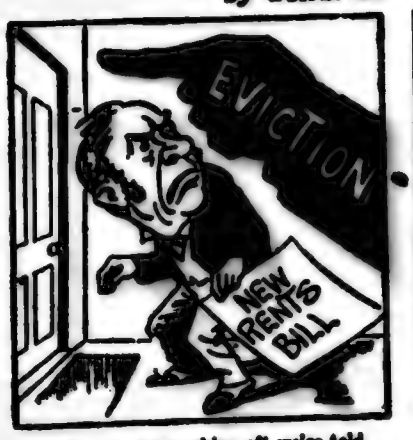
This plan has been tried, to my knowledge, by local experiments in Kent, Sussex, and Derbyshire. They have failed, and quite naturally failed, because such co-operation, to be effective, must be national and not local; it must map out the whole country, determine the quantities to be produced, allocate specific production to the most favourable regions.

If British farmers are too deeply soaked in individualism voluntarily to adopt this method, the only other way is that of scientific State control.

For the safety of England, for the security of the British Commonwealth, the vital industry of agriculture cannot be allowed to die.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



Events approaching oft we're told
Their shadows cast before,
So tenants fear a hand is near
That's pointing to the door.

The houseless legions daily find
Their patience growing shorter;
They don't want reams of plans and schemes,
But homes of bricks and mortar.

"To cast a clout 'ere May be out"
Is deprecated greatly,
And even June may be too soon
As we've discovered lately.

"What is this outrage I perceive
Upon my sacred strand?
Who is it dares to land and leave
A footprint in the sand?"

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE election of Mrs. Philipson (Miss Mabel Russell) to the House is due neither to her popularity as an actress nor to her efficiency as a politician. She was elected simply and solely because her husband was unseated, or in other words because the English are a sporting race. Her knowledge of politics is about on a level with that of anyone else who makes a hobby of electioneering—no more and no less. She felt no particular "call" to place whatever gifts she possesses at the service of the country. She acted under the impulse of the moment. She responded, like the electors, to the sporting aspect of the situation. And having made her decision, she played the part for all it was worth.

I DO not, myself, think that the real function of politics is to have a "jolly good rag"—though I am aware that many of our most distinguished statesmen have treated the business of government as if it were an excellent game of pitch-and-toss. Still, the presence of an enormous crowd of utter nonentities in our Imperial Parliament makes it a matter of relative indifference who gets in or who gets out. And that, politically speaking, is about all that can be said of Miss Russell's election. She will be a negligible, if charming, addition to the national gasometer.

Mrs. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P.

Charming, however, she undoubtedly is. In her early days, when she was amusing the public in a far more attractive entertainment than a Commons debate, her popularity amongst her fellow-artists was unbounded. She was literally loved (there is no other word for it) by everyone in the theatre, from call-boy and chorus-girl to manager and principal.

This was due, partly, to her wonderful flow of good spirits. She made everybody happy by the simple but strangely uncommon process of being happy herself. Gloomy faces fled at her approach. But it was due also, and chiefly, to the fact that she remained untouched by the smallest tinge of pose or affectation. This quality is so rare on the stage that its possessor is assured of affection and admiration.

She was a great loss to the stage when she finally retired from it, and her place there has never been adequately filled. Without displaying any trace of that commodity known as genius, she undoubtedly had great talent, and, more valuable still, a genuine love of her work.

AS a rule, the "stars" and "demi-stars" of the stage are snobs of the first order. The higher they climb, the larger their parts, the more insufferable do they become. Not so Miss Russell. A bright smile and a jolly word to all, without distinction, no brighter and no jollier to the leading juvenile than to the limelight man—this it was that made so many people rush about the place trying to find things to do for Mabel!

She will be tremendously popular in the House. A woman who can win the hearts of other women has it all her own way with men. She will have quite a lot to say for herself, too. I haven't the least doubt that her interjections will be received with shouts of laughter. She has a saucy way of saying things that will amuse everyone and irritate no one. And she has forgotten more about human nature than Lady Astor could ever learn.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF DERBY, K.G., Secretary of State for War.

MY LORD,—For the second time in a short period, a police officer has been the victim of arrogant sword-work on the part of some young pup of a subaltern. In this instance, Sergeant Clark, one of the oldest members of the Colchester Police Force, was on duty at the unveiling of a war memorial, when an officer rapped him on the back with the hilt of his sword and told him to clear out of the way. One incident of this sort was bad enough, and I should have thought that the public indignation aroused on that occasion would have prevented a repetition. But it appears that the disease of Prussianism is spreading and that regimental officers generally want to be taught how to behave themselves. So please get busy on it right away. JOHN BULL.

To Sir WEMYSS GRANT WILSON, Borstal Association, London.

SIR,—I have so often had to castigate the various iniquities perpetrated under the Borstal system that I am glad to recognise the human feeling underlying the seaside camps which your Association has inaugurated. To teach them discipline and give them healthy exercise and pleasure at the same time seems to me quite the right way to set about the reformation of lads who have often been merely the victims of vicious environment, and I feel sure the results will justify this extension of liberty. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Rev. F. J. CHAVASSE, D.D., Bishop of Liverpool.

MY LORD BISHOP,—The marriage of a white girl to a yellow man is a most iniquitous proceeding, and the recent epidemic of such unions in Liverpool has brought a protest from the Bishop of Hong Kong, who may be presumed to know what he is talking about. Is the worldly wisdom of your clergy so utterly negligible that they don't know the unspeakable fate which awaits these girls when their Celestial husbands get them home to China? If so, it is your duty to instruct them, and bring them down from dogma to realities. JOHN BULL.

To Herr WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN, Doorn, Holland.

EX-ALL-HIGHEST,—Even in our ashes live our wonted fires. You are still haughty, insolent, and parsimonious. You refuse to pay your local taxes in Holland, on the ground that you live there compulsorily, not voluntarily—an impudent excuse. You were glad enough to get shelter there, when revolution came, glad enough to hide there when your trial was demanded. But you won't pay if you can help it—though you have "tons of money." Do you still think you are inspired by heaven to dodge the rate-collector? Do you still think you are the chosen of Providence to rule the rest of the world? One could make a better super-man out of a pickpocket than out of a Hohenzollern. JOHN BULL.

ANOTHER HAT TRICK!

Mr. TAX-PAYER (hopefully): "Here's my contribution. I'll take the three P's"

To the Rt. Hon. Major G. C. TRYON, M.P., Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—There is a poor old woman in Dolgelly who lost her two sons in the war, and is now afflicted with cancer and unable to work. At first the Pensions Ministry granted her £1 a week but recently this has been reduced to the magnificent sum of 8s. 5d. By what possible standard of equity or common sense is this reduction justified? One would have thought that increase of age and infirmity would have entitled her to more instead of less consideration. This iniquitous case demands your personal attention. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD POLWARTH, Harden, Hawick.

MY LORD,—My contention that extreme Sabbatarians and the killjoy brigade generally do far more harm than good seems to be borne out by your disclosure to the Church of Scotland Assembly that most juvenile offences are committed on Sundays. The Sawbath in Scotland is indeed a fearsome institution. It is almost a sin to smile, and it's not to be wondered at that, being prohibited from innocent games, the small boy turns his attention to mischief. Think it over! JOHN BULL.

To A. D. SMITH, Esq., Chief Constable, Glasgow.

SIR,—By a particularly shabby trick the Glasgow police have secured the conviction of James Drysdale, a licensed grocer, for selling whisky during prohibited hours. A policewoman, acting on instructions, went to the shop and bought several articles and then, on the plea that she was not well, asked for the liquor. Mr. Drysdale, being a good Samaritan, supplied it, with the result that he was hauled into court and fined. A dastardly plot, all the more pernicious and un-British because a woman was selected as the agent to carry it out. Police methods in Glasgow need carefully scrutinising. JOHN BULL.

To T. W. FRY, Esq., O.B.E., Metropolitan Police Magistrate, Tower Bridge, E.

SIR,—Your sweeping generalisation that street coffee-stalls are favourite places for hatching crimes is a grossly unfair attack upon an institution that is of the greatest service to the poor. As a member of Brooks' and the Reform, you can no doubt afford to be superior about these street clubs of the night worker and the homeless, but you should not lose sight of the fact that the hatching of crime is not an infrequent occurrence at restaurants and clubs frequented by the more fortunate members of Society. JOHN BULL.

To FRANCIS NEWSTEAD PRESTON, Billington.

SIR,—How it comes about that a cad like you has charge of a Cottage Home for children I can't understand. You have been in the habit of visiting the Home at Nafferton, where four little boys lived with a housekeeper, about twice a week to administer thrashings for alleged offences. Alec Forbes, aged 10, states that you frequently took him to a wood, partly stripped him and thrashed him with a leather strap to the extent of ten to forty strokes at a time. I imagine that these poor little chaps have now been placed beyond your reach, but I wish the Magistrates at Driffield, instead of fining you £25, could have given you a dose of your own medicine. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN, Bench of Magistrates, Cannock.

DEAR SIR,—You deserve a slap on the back for sending Alfred Woodhall to prison for a month. He was found driving a large motor lorry while drunk, and the discovery that you wouldn't let him off with a paltry fine evidently took all the wind out of his sails. These thirsty road-hogs are slow to understand that they are a public pest, and a few more lessons like the one you have administered will "larn 'em." JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

Within Ourselves

THE desperate aim of right-thinking people in every continent has been to get the nations of the world together. One manifestation of this sort was the League of Nations, foreshadowed by the Versailles Treaty; another is the British Empire, born from the deeps of history, existing in fact before our eyes. Personally, we have never decried the ideals embodied in the League of Nations' project which, if they could be realised, would save the world from the prospect of future strife; but we realise none the less that the alternative ideal, that of a congress of free States united beneath a single flag, was the more easy of achievement.

Just think what might happen if these great States of ours within the Empire, owning a common allegiance, boasting a single pride, might speak upon all occasions with a single voice. No discordant tone, no rebellious sound.

And then, if the United States of America would come in, as sooner or later she must, we should have the English-speaking tongue sounding with one accent throughout the world. This is the aim we are inclined to set before ourselves, to pursue with devotion, to seek with zeal.

After all, we men who speak English differ in some essential respect from those of alien tongues, and it would be a poor affectation to pretend that we are not proud of our great heritage of language and of thought. Nevertheless, we cannot live upon the poetic heights, and it would be folly to decline those opportunities which Canada is offering us of uniting ourselves with her upon a commercial basis in such a way as will mean profit for us both.

The Empire is a single whole, and it is far easier to trade with friends than with enemies. We ought to be ready to embrace trade with Canada and with the other Dominions even upon some sacrifice of dry economic principle, and if in a few years from now we can count our commerce with these Dominions by millions where we now count by thousands, we shall have achieved something more important than sheer cash; nothing less, in fact, than a precious gain in that sum of good will which goes to make war remote in the dangerous days ahead.

Mother and Child

THE Bills which give justice at last to the unmarried mother come up for report in the House of Commons this week. Is it too much to hope that these far too long delayed measures will complete their successful passage through Parliament? The stigma on the illegitimate child has been a blot on the fair name of freedom. How on earth can an enlightened community justify this perpetual hardship to a mother and her child while the father goes scot free?

It is more than unfair; it is cruel that besides the agony of mind and of body a woman should have to bear every other responsibility which should be borne equally by the man. This attitude of complacency towards the father—who is very often a married man—is out of place and out of date. All the man has to pay, if the responsibility is brought home to him at all, is a maximum of ten shillings weekly.

The new Bastardy Bill, which we earnestly enjoin members to support, raises the maximum amount payable under an affiliation order to twenty shillings—small enough, in all conscience, in these days of dearer commodities. Most important of all, the Legitimacy Bill provides for the legitimation of a child whose parents marry or have married after its birth.

This gives a child who has hitherto been penalised through no fault of its own the same legal status in life as if it had been born in wedlock. And time enough too. The only disappointment in the Bill is that the clause is not retrospective. It is undoubtedly hard on those children whose parents have "done the right thing" to remain handicapped because they were unfortunate enough to have been born before the Act was passed.

If we are going to stand by the poor children whose parents had no legal consent for bringing them into the world, then we must stand by them all.

We quite agree that at the outset no obstacle should be raised which might hinder the progress of the Bill, but we hope that a safe passage being ensured, members of the House of Commons will insist on making up lost time by seeing that the Bill deals whole-heartedly with a great and grievous wrong.

The Derby and After

WHAT a farce not to recognise betting! Last week we had one of the most interesting, speculative and fascinating Derby's that has ever been run. Until the last moment no one knew whether Papyrus would bring it off because "Steve" was up; whether Pharos would justify her hosts of backers, or whether some unknown, like Parth, would reach the post first, to the unending gain of her rare supporters. And none of it mattered. The only thing that did matter was that almost everybody, from dukes to dustmen, from parsons to pit-boys, had their "little bit on." Was there anyone who did not back his fancy at this year's Derby? We doubt it.

And yet the legislature so far has sternly declined to countenance betting. It is so wicked, so immoral, so sinful. True, a party journeyed down to the Derby charged by the High Court of Parliament with the solemn duty of considering whether it might not be a fair proposition to levy a tax upon betting and so reap a substantial gain for the exchequer. But we fear that most of them went down with their tongues in their cheeks, determined to say for the credit of what they are pleased to call public morality that we would have nothing to do with so dangerous a proposition.

Of course it is all nonsense. We ought to tax betting; we ought to legalise wagering on the Turf; we ought, in fact, to recognise facts as they are, and make sunshine while we may.

After this year's Derby, which has simply swept the country with a fervour of sporting delight, there should be no further doubt on the vexed subject of the betting tax. It ought to be instituted; it is in the interests of the overburned taxpayer, and what a revenue it would produce, and how happy we all should be!

Freedom First

THE price of liberty, Lord Morley taught us, is eternal vigilance. Never was it more important to bear this saving axiom in mind than in regard to lunacy matters. Pity the poor wretch who, temporarily, perhaps, has lost command of his reason, and for that pathetic cause is at the mercy of those around him, however unscrupulous, who remain sane. This is the crux of the lunacy problem, and it is one which we would say is well within the purview of the National Society for Lunacy Reform. They plead, and justly, for such a reform of the lunacy laws as will make it impossible for private spite to be gratified by the detention of unpleasant people in the clutches of the lunacy law.

For every public reason we look with disfavour upon the Mental Treatment Bill lately discussed in the House of Lords, and shortly to be introduced to the House of Commons. It seems to us to confer excessive powers upon doctors and officials to rush people off to asylums without anything in the shape of scientific inquiry.

This way danger lies, and we shall be surprised if the House of Commons offers as tolerant an ear to this far-reaching measure as the House of Lords. Surely no person ought to be committed to custody on the ground of alleged mental instability until the question of his mental state has been adequately inquired into by a competent tribunal.

The mere *obiter dicta* of medical men are always to be distrusted. The great thing indeed is to get the treatment of the insane on to more humane and reasonable lines, to establish mental hospitals under the supervision of the Ministry of Health, and to make the lot of the sick in mind as easy as that of those overcome by bodily afflictions.

The asylums in this country contain countless tragedies. It would be well indeed if Parliament would insist upon that Royal Commission of Inquiry into mental causes which has for so long been demanded by those who from inside knowledge are satisfied that the treatment of the insane in Great Britain is among the greatest scandals that disfigure the record of our times.

Should a Banker Tell?

WE all do business with banks on the assumption that those employed in them will keep their mouths shut. It is disquieting to learn that the officials of a big bank with the approval of their employers are prepared to disclose the secrets of a customer's account to anyone who cares to ask. This is practically what emerged from a recent High Court case in which the directors of a bank were sued for damages in respect of discovered communications. There was a question of an overdraft—a not uncommon mishap in these hard times—and the unasked communication of the fact to the employers of the person concerned.

This sort of thing strikes us as altogether mysterious, and entirely opposed to the traditions of banking in this country. Unless we can trust our bankers to keep our business secret, then we had better keep our money in the private drawer of the wardrobe, which can answer no impertinent questions.

THE GREAT DIVORCE SHAM!

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Sir Henry Duke, President of the Divorce Court

DIVORCE is one of those plain, if unpleasant, facts of life which must be faced, let the hide-bound ecclesiastics say what they will. It is a subject which calls for plain speaking, courage and common sense. The Government have made a beginning with the urgent need of Divorce Law Reform. But they have touched only the fringe of the problem and much remains to be done. In this article Sir John Foster Fraser, loking facts in the face and not mincing words, draws attention to the injustices and iniquities which the present laws bring in their train and strikes a shrewd blow at cant and hypocrisy.

AS a nation we are slowly, but inevitably, reaching the conclusion that divorce, instead of blasting the sanctity of marriage, is a recognition that it is so holy that unless founded on true spiritual relationship it should be dissolved.

To hold people in legal bondage when all affection has gone, when there is no communion of soul, when instead of love an antipathy, sometimes amounting to loathing, has been engendered—when one or other or both the wedded have broken the pledges they gave at the altar—is not maintaining the nobleness of marriage but befouling it.

It is quoted to us by bishops that those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. They interpret those words in a strictly literal sense. I have no recollection that during the war with Germany the prelates often preached from the text that when smitten on one cheek we should turn the other to be also smacked. And though they are well acquainted with the injunction: "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," we have yet to be informed that ennobled ecclesiastics are doing it. So much for literalism.

THAT many marriages are founded on affection and sweet esteem is, thank God, most abundantly true. But some marriages are the outcome of sexual emotion or have been "arranged" for most material and worldly reasons. In such cases the flames of passion swiftly flicker and the awful realisation comes that one's body has been sold for a stenching mess of pottage. To invite us to agree that such marriages have been made in heaven is to insult the best thoughts we have.

There is the tragedy of the man and woman who have been drawn together in all tenderness. But, after the rapture of the first few months, there comes the creeping horror of knowledge that they are not in tune; they both try to be patient and understanding, and fail. If fault there be, probably it is the man's; with his larger sphere of interests he grows away from his wife. She does not share his life; he has a contempt for hers. There is a curious, indefinable irritation when in each other's presence; they are happier when apart. There is not one genuine throb of the companionship there should be between husband and wife. Before friends and the public—deceiving nobody—they keep up the hollow pretence; but often their hearts cry in agony to be released from the degradation to which they are subjected.

Who is going to preach it is the Lord's ordinance that these people should bicker and be cruel and spend their days in bitterness and woe?

Those who are opposing reform in the divorce laws invariably are people who, on principle, are opposed to divorce altogether. They gabble that the contract has been made for richer for poorer, for better, for worse, and would keep a gentle-souled woman tied all her days to a mate who develops into a drunken, lecherous brute. They scowl upon a high-minded man who desires to shake himself lose from a vain gadabout who thinks that neglect of home, night clubs, amours with other men, is evidence of being independent, up to date, living her own life, or whatever the description may be.

NAY; the pharisaical champions of the divine law, instead of maintaining chastity are inciting what are called illicit alliances. Not so long ago a wretched beast, who had been guilty of the most abominable sex offences, killed a man. Because he was insane he was not hanged, and because he is not hanged his wife is chained to him "till death do us part." What if she meets a man whom she esteems and to whom she would be proud to be a wife?

There is the iniquity of the "judicial separation"—the purgatory of divorce. There should be no such thing as this half-divorce, ordering man and wife to live apart but with neither having the right to marry again.

When the "injured party" seeks a judicial separation rather than a divorce, spite, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is the actuating motive: preventing the defendant ever to marry again; indeed, if he or she has an affection for somebody else, compelling them to resist the ordinary impulses of human nature or to live in what is called adultery.

THE law has no right to say, as it does say, "You shall not be allowed to live with your wife; you will not be allowed to marry any other woman or you will be charged with bigamy, and if you live with another woman without marriage, you and she shall be social outcasts." Is there anything more abominable than that? And all to maintain the fable, which is antagonistic to common sense, that "marriages are made in heaven," and nothing should be done to prevent them being hells upon earth!

THE allegation is flung by the literalists that nobody can want a divorce who has not a lust for somebody else, and that everybody who advocates there shall be the same moral code for man and woman and that wrong-doing should have the same punishment for roaming husband as forgetful wife—namely, that the case to justify divorce should be easier and less fraudulent than it often now is—has a debased moral code. Yet it seems forgiveness can be, and is, given for a lapse, so long as you do not marry the woman.

I have mentioned fraudulent divorce. I suppose most judges, as certainly all lawyers and an increasing number of the public know, that a great many divorces are procured by deliberate fraudulent methods and that people demean and disgust themselves, and run the risk of being shunned by their friends, not because they are lustful and hanker after someone other than their lawful spouse, but simply because a husband and wife have, unfortunately, come to agree that making a show of living together in matrimony is an offence to honesty.

THE law will not allow them to break their contract by agreement—although it may mean lifting a load of misery from both—but absolutely insists that one of them shall besmirch himself or herself—and in the majority of cases before the Divorce Court it is the husband, because the general understanding is "it does not so much matter in the case of a man."

See what English law compels a man to do when, after months, maybe years, of pain he decides action must be taken to put an end to an intolerable relationship between himself and his wife. He technically deserts her. With a lawyer at her elbow she writes a letter asking him to co back. With a lawyer at elbow he replies that he not. She then seeks assistance of the Divo Court to get an order "the restitution of conju rights." The Court gra it, to be obeyed wit fourteen days—and few people would be m surprised than the wife if it were obeyed.

Instead, the husband goes and stays night at an hotel with a woman he has ne seen before and never intends to see aga and sends the hotel bill to his wife. immediately takes action for divorce, a generally the Divorce Court judge grants plea, so that in a few months the unhap marriage becomes void.

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THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

VORCE SHAM!

OSTER FRASER

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The law is particularly hard on woman because it requires a higher standard of morality from her than from man—ostensibly in the interests of the race—whilst at the same time, unless she is willing to parade the outrages inflicted upon her, it condemns her to an alliance which is a bar sinister upon the beautiful marriage service when she plighted her troth. By refusing annulment of marriage with a condemned criminal or a certified lunatic the law is responsible for many haphazard entanglements, which would never take place if the woman were free honourably to marry another man.

NOBODY advocates that marriage should be as lightly cast aside as it is so often lightly undertaken. It is, and should be, one of the greatest responsibilities of life. But instead of it being encased in an antiquated, cruel and sometimes bestial formula, its chief glory should be that it is founded on common sense, be the embodiment of the finest altruism, and not, as unhappily we know it frequently is, a travesty of the Christian faith.

SOBRIETY, PIETY AND VARIETY!

by A. G. GARDINER

WITH Mrs. Philipson's victory at Berwick Parliament is now in possession of its Three Graces. It has been wittily suggested that, in the persons of Lady Astor, Mrs. Wintringham and Mrs. Philipson, the Graces represent Sobriety, Piety and Variety These are all excellent things, and may be taken as the modern equivalent of Faith, Hope and Charity. The House of Commons is all the better for their presence.

But it would, I think, be a mistake to assume that the enormous majority with which Mrs. Philipson was returned portend an early inrush of women at Westminster. It is significant that each of the three women now in Parliament succeeded her husband in the seat that she occupies. In their several ways they are all women of gifts and character, but it is more than doubtful whether any one of them would have been in Parliament on her own merit alone.

The prejudice against the woman in Parliament is not an exclusively masculine prejudice. The last general election proved that women will not vote for women. Over thirty new women candidates stood on that occasion, and not one of them was returned. Even so brilliant a speaker and so active a spirit in the Labour party as Margaret Bondfield failed to secure election, as that remarkable woman the late Mary Macarthur had failed before her.

I do not know whether this means that women are jealous of women, or whether they are servile, or whether they simply feel that public life is a man's job, and not a woman's. The latter is the more probable explanation. Their instinct is for the maintenance of the home, and they suspect that the woman who goes out into the world is a menace to the Ark of the Covenant.

It is a sound instinct, and in a world that has lost its social and moral moorings in so many directions, it is not a fact to be derided.

I believe that women have a function in Parliament, and that they have come to stay. There is nothing more odious, and even unnatural, than the idea of a sex war in public affairs; but there is a woman's point of view on a thousand aspects of Government which can only be appreciated and effectively presented by women. They feel where the shoe pinches in the home much more acutely than the man does, and since the happiness of the home is the final test of good government, no influence in affairs is more important than theirs. I should like to see, and I am confident that in time we shall see, half a dozen or a dozen sensible working women with a gift of speech in Parliament to express the mind of the millions of voiceless and unknown women whose title to be heard is even greater than that of any class.

But the woman in Parliament will always be an exceptional figure. The public, I fancy, will always exact from her a higher standard of equipment than in the case of the man. That is all to the good. The important thing is not that there should be a great number of women in Parliament, but they should be women of a type who will do honour to their sex, and raise the standards of public life. They will be few, but they will be fit.

FOUR MANAGERS IN A YEAR!

by The Rt. Hon. Sir GILBERT PARKER, Bt.

THERE are very few jobs in the public service that are of more intrinsic importance than that of Postmaster-General, Nevertheless, the post has come to be regarded as the Cinderella of Government appointments. Anyone will do for the position, As a result there are constant changes in the office of Postmaster-General which are bad for the business of the post office. Though there has been a deputy Postmaster-General in the person of Mr. Pike-Pease, now Lord Daryngton, it is the head of the office that directs, not policy, but method. Agreement as to policy may continue, but agreement as to method never existed with any two Postmasters-General. We have had four within a year—Mr. Kellaway, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and now Sir Laming Worthington-Evans. They have all been capable men, but promotion has made the post of managing-director vacant three times, and that is not good for the service.

That the British post office system is the best in the world goes almost without saying. Unfortunately, however, it has not quite that ready means of adaptation to new ideas which is the secret of success in modern business. How can it have? There is no fixed, staple mind at the head of the concern.

Imagine the effect upon the staff of the post office. The efficiency of the staff itself may not be seriously affected by these constant changes; nevertheless if we regard the post office units as an Army Corps and the Postmaster-General as general-officer-commanding, we see how difficult it is to obtain anything like continuity of spirit.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks produced a good impression on the public, yet because the General Post Office is not considered a first-class appointment, he is promoted to be what?—Secretary of the Treasury with a seat in the Cabinet. *That* is promotion! How long will Sir Laming Worthington-Evans be Postmaster-General? He is an able man with a gift for finance, and has had a first-class appointment, Minister of War. Will he remain in a second-class office long?

Two courses are open. Make the General Post Office a first-class department in pay and all else, and its chief a Cabinet Minister, as the present holder is, and there will be fewer changes; or put the General Post Office under a Royal Commission with a permanent head. The report of the General Post Office could be presented to Parliament by any Minister who has not a Department:

Government control is bad in most things, but it must exist with the post office and the telegraph office, yet the work could be as well and more prosperously done by private concerns, as the telephone system showed. We have been called a nation of muddlers, and in this business we are muddlers. The General Post Office is of vast importance to the nation, to the Empire, to the World. Then make it of first-class importance officially. It is the only purely business money-making concern in the Government. It is for the people to decide these things; let the people decide.

Fastest Set in Society

IN this article we draw attention to a grave peril which is undermining the morality of that section of the idle rich amongst whom money is more in evidence than brains. Low-class gaming-dens are sometimes raided and the promoters pay the penalty for breaking the law. But the gambling-dens of the rich go scot free and thrive in our very midst. Large fortunes are being made in Mayfair by unscrupulous sharks who use their high positions in society and their titles as cloaks to conceal their nefarious activities. This article reveals the facts for the first time.

WHO is behind the fashionable crowd who are running swell gaming-houses in Mayfair?

The middle-class people who run gambling-dens in Bayswater are constantly being harried by the police, until in many cases they throw up the sponge in despair.

They find that the game, in the old phrase, is not worth the candle.

But nothing ever seems to happen to the highly placed and fashionable people who run precisely similar establishments, although on a grander scale, in the very heart of Mayfair.

There is a small gang of people associated with some of the best families in this country, and no credit to them, who live by their wits, and laugh at the idea of police interference.

"The police only interfere with the bunglers," they will tell you. "If you play your cards properly, you can always play cards improperly."

The chief organisers of this gang, which is a carefully concerted affair with ramifications reaching into the very highest circles of society, are a man and two women. The man is the broken-down holder of an old title. He has had a great deal of financial and domestic trouble, but is now quite opulent again. He has to keep very much in the background because he has borrowed money, sometimes with menaces, from so many members of the aristocracy that he is not a good decoy.

HIS chief colleague is the grass widow of a titled Service man, who, she complains, leaves her without means. She makes up for it by preying on her titled friends, to whose houses she still has the entrée. She poses as a gay and light-hearted Bohemian, and cultivates the acquaintance of famous portrait-painters, with a view to getting in touch with the wealthy people who give them extravagant commissions.

The third member of this coterie is a beautiful young woman whose matrimonial affairs have been complicated and rapid.

She is the daughter of a Colonial financier, at one time a millionaire, but who subsequently lost all his money. She is very useful in roping in wealthy visitors from the Colonies.

They have strict rules governing the entrance to their gambling-dens. You cannot possibly get in unless you are introduced either by the principals, or by some of the habitués who get a commission on the amounts taken from the plundered victims.

Even with this precaution it is necessary to telephone the exact moment of your intended arrival, and to have a password to be spoken at the door. This password is sometimes changed twice in a night, as a further safeguard.

Outwardly the house is in darkness, and the visitor coming without these preliminaries would be told that he had made a mistake, and that the residents had either gone away or were all in bed.

The usual procedure is to take a furnished house in the heart of Mayfair, if from a titled owner, so much the better.

Excellent references are given and a very high rent paid. The real owner of the house never gets even an inkling of the kind of people who will use it.

The coterie usually has three or four of these houses hired simultaneously, so that gambling rarely takes place in the same house on two successive nights.

SOMETIMES it happens that a fashionable mansion is taken for one night only, when it is desired to plunder some specially selected and very wealthy victim. The house-agent is persuaded that the house is wanted for a dance, and often a fashionable dance is actually held in it, the dancers and even the caterers who supply the costly and elaborate refreshments being quite unaware that in one of the rooms of the house a very hot gambling game is in progress.

But that is an exception, because it means that outside servants have

to be employed, and there is always a risk that one of them may give information to the police.

On ordinary occasions only three or four servants are employed in the place, and they, for greater safety, are members of the subsidiary gang. They are disguised as waiters and footmen, act their parts perfectly, and draw their due share of the swag.

A NUMBER of people who frequent these gambling parties are quite respectable. They belong to the fast set, and some of them can afford to amuse themselves by gambling for very high stakes. One well-known peeress, whose husband was abroad on a big-game shooting expedition, lost £15,000 in one night. She paid up and came back some nights later to a different house to get her revenge.

It took the form of losing another £10,000. A relative cabled for her husband, who came home, and went to one of these gambling parties himself. He lost heavily, refused to pay, and gave a vigorous hiding to the titled degenerate who was running the place. This unexpected turn in a game of chance was hushed up.

ANOTHER case is a well-known lady who married into a family of high lineage and great possibilities. She can afford to lose but refuses to do so.

Like other victims, at the end of a night's play, she makes out her cheque, but she stops payment at her bank, and the gambling gang says nothing, because it suits them very well to have a Marchioness in their company. Apart from anything else she is very useful when the syndicate wishes to hire some famous mansion in Mayfair for the purpose of a supposed dance. No house-agent could dare to question the standing of a lady in her position.

The police can only interfere in matters of this kind when a victim, discovering that he has been cheated, is willing to swear an affidavit. This hardly ever happens, because the victims are so carefully selected that they are chosen only from the class of people who for business or social reasons could not afford to make a public admission of their folly.

The man who was "stung" to the extent of £25,000 was a director of one of the great Canadian railway systems. He had been followed all over Europe by a special emissary of the gang, and it must have cost the syndicate something like a thousand pounds before confidence was thus established.

Nobody knows how much money these people make, but between them they probably have well over £50,000 a year to divide, less some £10,000 in expenses.

The public, as well as the owners, would be surprised to hear that one of the most famous town houses in St. James's was the scene of a crook gambling party. This palatial residence, at which Royalty has frequently been entertained, was boldly borrowed for a night from its aristocratic owner who was on the Continent, by a personal friend. The pretext was a bridge tournament on behalf of a well-known charity.

Some rich Americans from Chicago, very important people in the meat industry, were brought to this house by an aristocratic young gentleman who had introduced himself to them in the American bar of a big hotel, and expressed a wish to thank them for hospitality he had himself received during a visit to Chicago.

In this great mansion, surrounded by so many proofs of *bona fides*, they felt themselves just as much at home as if they were being entertained in the White House.

The night's entertainment cost them more than their trip to Europe, but they had a wholesome fear of the fun that would be poked at them by American newspapers if they complained.

A SIDELIGHT on life in this circle is that of a young fellow who floats around West End bars on the off-chance, heard these American plutocrats discussing the rookery, and deciding, after an animated argument, not to make any complaint.

The young fellow, who knew the gang, went straight to the leaders of it and told them that the Americans were going to make a fuss and inform the American press and the American Embassy. He got £1,000 out of the gang to divert them to Paris.

Not long ago the coterie were giving gaming parties nightly in a private suite in one of the best-known fashionable hotels. The hotel authorities were warned, but in spite of this the parties continued to take place, the waiter serving this particular suite having been so well bribed that he had no fear of dismissal.

Champagne played a great part in these entertainments, the crooks having a theory that rich young Americans, suffering from prohibition at home, drink hard and rapidly on such occasions.

It is very hard for the police to get on the track of this elusive gang, but if they watched a house in East Chapel Street, Mayfair, another in Hertford Street, not far from the American Club's residential annexe, and a block of flats between Piccadilly and Curzon Street, they ought to see enough to get on the right track. If they succeeded they would unearth a gang that is making more plunder than all the minor gamblers put together. Yet these small fry are regularly raided and driven from pillar to post.

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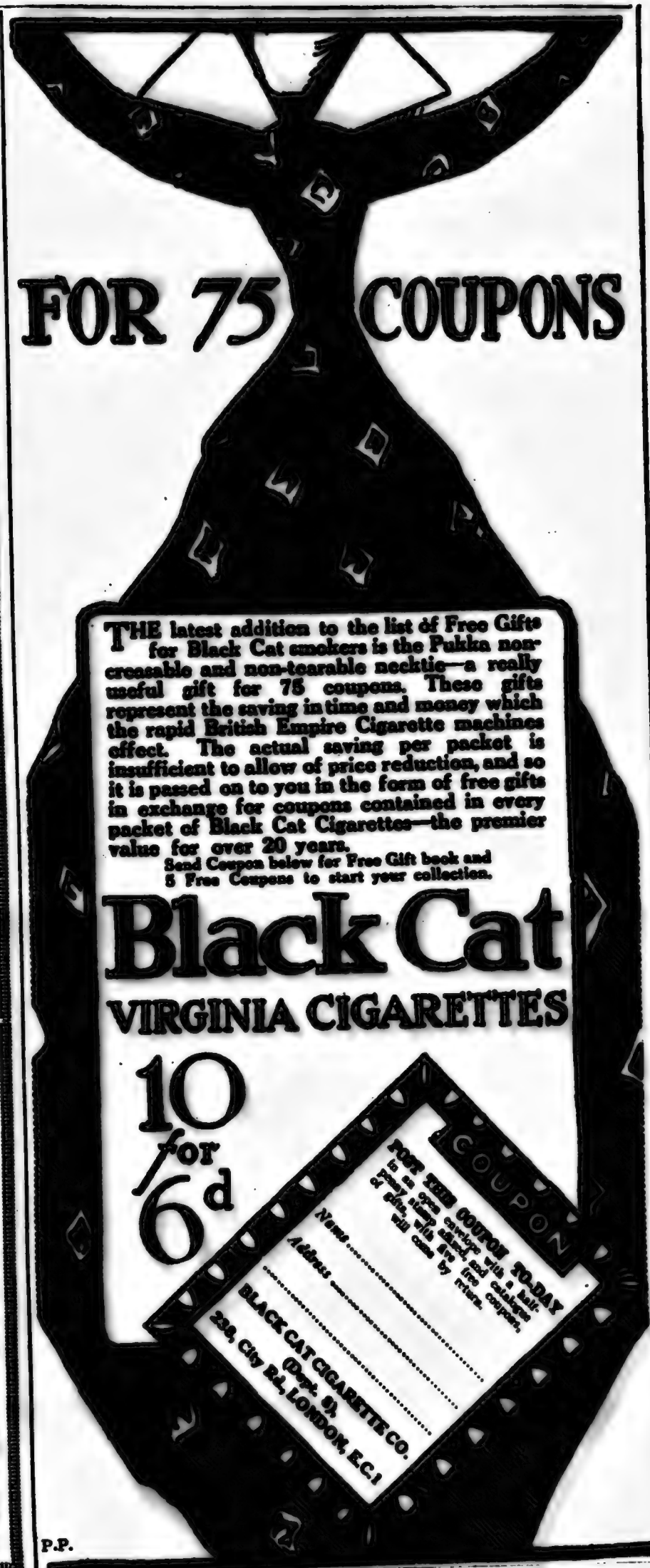
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P.P.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

The Star-Spangled Ban

by HARRISON OWEN

PADDED shoulders and tortoise-shell spectacles were numerous in public galleries, which were filled too, with a champing sound, caused by many jaws simultaneously inflicting damage on many wads of chewing gum, when Robert P. Skinner, United States Consul-General, was charged with mismanagement and neglect of duty.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the charges had been formulated as a result of recent deplorable incidents at Ellis Island, the forlorn settlement of hutments to which so many seeking admission to the Land of the Free were consigned.

"Not wishing to be inundated with refugees from all over Europe," Mr. Watchdog explained, "the United States Government allows only a certain number of migrants from the various European countries to enter the Yankee Boodle republic. Those in excess of this arbitrarily fixed quota are dumped on Ellis Island. Adequately to describe Ellis Island it is necessary to reverse the name, so that it reads: 'Island Is 'Ell.' Compared with this place the Bowery is a salubrious retreat and Chicago a garden suburb of Arcady.

"TO testify to the conditions prevailing on the Island I will call as witness a Nottingham lace-maker, who, receiving from the American Consul-General facilities to cross the Atlantic, sold his house and took with him his wife and children, intending to join his brother, who was already a naturalised American citizen. Upon arriving at New York this man was taken to Ellis Island, herded with Eastern European immigrants of the lowest type, treated with the scantiest courtesy and reproached for being English. After six weeks he and his family were sent home. The man himself returned a physical wreck, for while at Ellis Island he was lanced so frequently for specimens of his blood that he broke out in boils.

"This is by no means an isolated case," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "for only last week six British passengers were refused permission to disembark from the liner *President Monroe* because the British quota of immigrants was exhausted. Having won the war, the United States, of course, is entitled to enact the role of Uncle Slam, by banging its doors in the faces of new arrivals; but the Consul-General in this country must know when the British quota is nearing completion, and should not issue passports in excess of the quota to unfortunate people who cross the Atlantic only to be humiliated and sent home."

The Consul-General, who conducted his own defence, said that he had guessed and calculated wrongly in issuing passports, but this was no reason why he should be compelled to listen to a horse-haired guy peddling hot air about Ellis Island, which was not nearly as black as it had been painted. From it one could obtain a real elegant view of the Statoo of Liberty, which made the Nelson Monument look like some punk exhibit from a dime museum. This alone was worth crossing the herring-pond to see.

The jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull remarked that probably some of the people who were detained on Ellis Island and sent back to England were better off than those who were allowed to land. At least they would not run the risk of dying from thirst.

"I have neither the legal right nor the desire to deal with the Consul-General of a friendly country as I would with a British citizen guilty of similar offences," said Mr. Justice Bull, "but I warn Mr. Skinner that if this mismanagement continues, an effort will be made to have him recalled. As this would involve the loss of a salary of 12,000 dollars annually and inflict on him a first-hand acquaintance with prohibition I think the double-barrelled threat should be enough to induce him to apply to the management of his office some of those principles of efficiency of which his countrymen claim to be heaven-sent exponents."

ANN'S SHILLING A MINUTE

And the Average Ninepence

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE mother of a little girl named Ann Cooper Hewitt (aged eight) is of opinion that her offspring cannot be maintained in the style to which she has been accustomed from birth "for less than a shilling a minute."

Come to think of it, there are sixty minutes to the hour, twenty-four hours to the day, and three hundred and sixty-five days to the year; so that according to Ma the bill of expenses for the upkeep of Ann ought to work out at £3 an hour, £72 a day, or £26,280 per annum.

It seems that Ann's father, the late Peter Cooper Hewitt, the American millionaire inventor, left his little daughter £2,400 a year to be going on with. But £2,400 a year represents a trifle under a ha'penny a minute, and consequently Ann, aged eight, would seem to be 11½d. short every minute of her young and precious life.

ON the face of it this is a great hardship and nobody will be astonished to hear that Ann's Ma is applying to the New Jersey Courts for a substantial increase of what one might call Anniemoney.

By a substantial increase, she doesn't mean the whole of the £26,280 per annum, being indeed quite willing to take £7,000 a year instead of the original £2,400, inasmuch as Ann is too young to need quite all the shilling a minute as yet and will not arrive at the more expensive stages of flapperdom and young womanhood for a few more years.

In order that the Courts may be in a position to form some sort of an idea of the manner in which Ann's ha'pence have to be expended, a list of costs, charges and disbursements has been filed, and from this we gather that between August 1, 1922, and January 1, 1923—that is to say in a period of five bright months—Miss Ann Cooper Hewitt managed to get through £2,459 as follows:—

	£
Two months at the seaside	549
Nursery governess	90
Educational governess	60
Musical governess	40
Clothes	490
Doctor, chemist and dentist	110
Altering house	280
One-third rent of house	140
One-third rates and taxes	100
One-third household expenses	600
Total	£2,459

It is evident, therefore, that at her present rate of living, modest though it may be, Ann is doing in her bit of splosh about two and a quarter times as rapidly as her income allows. In other words, while her receipts for twelve months amount to only £2,400 her expenditure for the like period runs to nearly £6,000, which means, of course, that those who have charge of her must face an annual deficit of round about £3,600, and that even if Anne appears to be very rich as little girls go, she happens really to be quite unable to pay her small way.

FOR persons in difficulties of this nature—especially at Ann's time of life—everybody possessed of a spark of human feeling will be bubbling over with sympathy. It is nothing short of a scandal that a child of eight glad summers should be so placed that she cannot continue to spend £549 for two months stay at the seaside, £490 for her bits of frocks, and £280 for having her home altered, without having to fall back on the financial resources of her relative or friends, and I am in good hopes that the courts of New Jersey will see to it that the executors of the late Peter Cooper Hewitt's estate are empowered to make arrangements whereby Miss Ann will be relieved from all further monetary embarrassment.

MEANWHILE it would be interesting to know how many other little Anns besides Miss Ann Cooper Hewitt are living close up to the grim spectre of poverty, as it were, and making acquaintance with the bitterness which invariably accompanies inadequacy of income long ere their time.

As the poetess Elizabeth Barrett Browning very nearly has it:—

I can hear the children calling, oh, my brothers,
'Ere the sorrow comes with years,
They are leaning their young heads upon their mothers
And wondering where in the name of Heaven the next couple of "thou" is coming from.

Bringing up girls seems on the whole to be quite a costly form of amusement. If the reasonable and necessary expenses of Miss Ann Hewitt amount to a shilling a minute the reasonable and necessary expenses of commonplace girls probably amount to at least ninepence.

No wonder so many families with eight-year-old Dorises, six-year-old Joans and three-year-old Babes to them, are sempiternally hard up.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelope "Pie.")

"SHREWSBURY COMMERCIAL AND LITERARY CIRCULAR" (advertisement):—"Ladies' solid gold expanding WATCH BRACELET . . . BUILT ON IRON FRAME, 2 STRONG LOCKS, LEATHER HANDLE."

"BURTON DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—"Two Unfurnished Rooms Wanted for NEARLY MARRIED couple."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—"Farrell . . . was a striking picture CLAD IN PURE WHITE, with a peak cap, BLACK AND WHITE shoes and LIGHT GREY suit."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—"Respect. working young man . . . wishes brd.-ldgs., OUT ALL DAY WITH WIDOWED LADY."

"FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE":—"The majority of the SHEEP consisted of Norfolk root-fed PIGS."

"SUNDAY TIMES":—"Lord St. Vincent spent many years of his life in the States, and has a son and a DAUGHTER. The LATTER, WHO MARRIED A CANADIAN LADY, lives almost entirely in the Dominion."

"DAILY MAIL" (serial story):—"She looked really beautiful—her face hot, HER EYES AND WHITE TEETH SHINING BETWEEN THE RED LIPS."

"SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT":—"The great masses of machinery were . . . tossing great INGOTS of MOLTEN metal about as if they were feathers."

"CROMER AND NORFOLK POST":—"Lohengrin's BRIDLE March . . . was played."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Six British first-class passengers, FIVE OF THEM WOMEN AND ONE A BRIDE . . . were refused permission to disembark."

"STAR":—"Knavesmire T.Y.O. Plate of £200. FIVE FUR. . . . After TEN FURLONGS Tutankhamen went to the front and won by ½ length."

"SUNDAY COMPANION":—"One of my congregation went into the bush surveying. WHEN HE CAME BACK after a long time, search parties were organised. Nothing was heard of him. A fossicker at length discovered a WHITENED SKELETON."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

The Wandering Husband

"MY husband, a man of independent means, much older than myself, of higher social position, and with a depraved past life, is treating me very badly. He makes me a small allowance, and lives all his time on the Continent.

"He has put our little girl, whom he idolises, and who is greatly attached to me, into a boarding school in Paris, and I never see her. He leaves me at home with our second child—a little boy. He says he hates boys.

"I cannot afford to go to Paris to see my child, and I cannot take legal proceedings to get more money from him because he has sold all his English property and has no fixed address. What can you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*There is no golden rule for making a bad husband into a good one. Try to get his aristocratic relatives to help you to go to Paris and see him. If he is fond, as you say, of his little girl, you might successfully appeal to him to show more consideration to the little girl's mother.*

The Sulky Wife

"I HAVE been married 16 years, unhappily. My wife is of such a temperament that upon the slightest provocation she will sulk for days. I have no pleasure in coming home after business to a place of icy coldness and stony silence, and I really cannot endure it. I am therefore compelled to kill time in other directions—but not with other women. Time after time have I healed up the sore, but without any permanent effect. I am of an affectionate nature, and realise that I must obtain some measure of reciprocation elsewhere. I do not intend to pass the remainder of my life in such misery. I may say I have left home twice and have returned, voluntarily, mainly for the sake of our child. How do you advise me to act?"

"Humanist" says:—*Yours is a difficult case. Was she always thus? And if not how much is your temperament to blame? You might try to get a separation order, but judging from the evidence in your letter I doubt if you would succeed.*

A Hard Woman

"THREE years ago I met a man who grew very fond of me and I of him. After 18 months he confessed that he was already married, but had not lived with his wife since long before I knew him, and begged me not to give him up. At the time I was about to become the mother of his child.

"He wrote to his wife, telling her everything, and asking her to divorce him. Her reply was to procure an order of two pounds a week against him. His total income being less than that, he could not pay, so she put him in prison. My child was born in the workhouse, but when he came home he fetched us out. We have been very happy together ever since, but now his wife has put him in prison again.

"I have been to the parish: all they offer me is the workhouse, where I know my child would break her heart to be parted from me. I cannot get any work. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *There is nothing that you can do. Your man can have the order revised if he is earning less than he has to pay.*

The Kid of 13

"SOON after the war I made friends with a man of German extraction, then unemployed. My parents liked him and gave him food and helped him. While he was with us my young sister grew too much attached to him, and my parents turned him out. He now still meets her after school, takes her to the kinema and stops out with her until ten, and my parents cannot control her. We have been to the police court, but the magistrate tells us he can do nothing unless we can prove that my sister has been meddled with physically.

"Surely a man of thirty walking out with a girl of 13 can lead to nothing good? He is leading her on to petty thieving; he has also told her all about human nature with a view, so she tells us, to protect her from other people. Can you advise me how to deal with this fellow?"

"Humanist" says:—*Your parents have the fullest control over the child and if they can't keep a kid of 13 indoors and control her actions it is a pity.*

The Colour Bar

"I AM a woman student at ——— University, and two years ago I met a young Indian doctor there. Our friendship developed into a love based on reciprocal admiration and respect. The other day he proposed, and as I am graduating this summer he wishes to take me soon to India as his wife. I should accept without hesitation (not believing in the idea of race barriers) were it not for the strong objection of my parents. Although their objection is based on an antiquated kind of conservatism, I feel that I must not ignore it altogether. Instinct and reason tell me to marry the man I love without regard to colour and religion; racial prejudice tells my parents that by marrying a coloured man my future will be destroyed. Whose advice shall I follow?"

"Humanist" says:—*If you marry a coloured man and go to India you will be a social outcast. No decent people will receive you. You will bring into the world children neither coloured nor white who will hate and despise you. You have no right to stigmatise your children for the sake of an infatuation.*

In the Clutches of a Shylock

"ABOUT nine years ago when in India I had a very serious illness, and in order to pay off the expenses I borrowed from a moneylender. Since then I have never been out of his clutches. When I returned to England I borrowed some more and foolishly gave a bond for three times the amount received. I understand that he now has a warrant, and has given power of attorney to people in England for a sum more than seven times the original loan. I am not in a position to pay, my present job bringing me a bare living, and considering that during the last nine years he has had many times the original loan, what ought I to do?"

"Humanist" says:—*By "warrant" I presume you mean "writ." Let him sue, the courts will not be hard on you.*

Parting with her Children

"MY husband has deserted me, and I have no home. I am living with my parents, and I have two children, aged two and four. My husband has disappeared—and there is a warrant out against him for not complying with a magistrate's order.

"My parents have only just enough to keep themselves. I have the opportunity of placing my children in a convent, but I dread the thought of being parted from them. Do you think I ought to put my personal feelings aside, and allow them the chance of a good future? If I keep them I cannot go to work, and so prepare a home for them myself. I may add I have the opportunity of a good situation."

"Humanist" says: *I think you should allow your children to go, and take up the situation. You may be able in a year or two to have them with you again and, in any case, it is difficult to see how you are going to support and educate them otherwise.*

A Hire Purchase Tangle

"I HAVE been married eleven years and have had a lot of trouble with my children through illness, having to sell all my home.

"Recently I got a few things on the hire-purchase, and have paid £10 on account. I have to pay 5s. a week. My husband is out of work, and I cannot pay the 5s., though I offered to pay 3s.

"Now the firm is going to come and take my things away and sell them. What can I do to save my little home?"

"Humanist" says:—*The firm you mention is a respectable one. Go to it, and show it this human document. The collector may have no power. But we believe the firm will act generously and give you the latitude you need. We have had previous genuine cases in which this was done.*

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Sports and by ROWLEY

I MENTIONED four horses in the Derby, Twelve Pointer, Pharos, Parth and Legality. Pharos finished second, Parth third, Twelve Pointer practically dead-heated for fourth place. Anyway, I didn't tip Town Guard, Ellangowan or My Lord! And Parth ought to have won in a trot. He was very badly interfered with by Town Guard and lost twenty lengths, and was only beaten 2½ lengths at the finish. And I will say this: with the exception of Twelve Pointer, Parth will beat any horse in that field whenever and wherever he meets them.

Note these Facts.

Twelve Pointer had been stopped in his work—he will win at Ascot.

Knockando ran a much better horse than Town Guard, and will win at Ascot.

My Lord never showed in the race and is moderate. Before the race I handicapped him to be a few pounds better than Overseer.

Legality will win races over 6 to 7 furlongs, and should be followed when racing at those distances.

Saltash ran very well for six furlongs. (The pace for the first six furlongs was faster than the average—for the last six furlongs much slower.)

Pharos' best distance is 7 furlongs to 1 mile 1 furlong.

Town Guard does not stay. His best distance is 6 furlongs or even less.

The New Champion?

There is no doubt about R. A. Jones being the very best light-weight we have had for years. When he got Gay Angela disqualified he cost me £500, for Gay Angela was the third in a treble I had backed. Nevertheless, I think he was entitled to object.

"Hooray" Jones is not only a great jockey, but a very nice boy, whose head isn't swelled and whose habits and manners are admirable. I have an idea that he or Steve will be at the top of the winning jockeys of the year.

Saved from Ruin.

What a great story one could tell about Papyrus' Derby, if it didn't hurt anybody! The victory of that horse saved a well-known man from ruin. He won a fortune just at the moment he wanted it. There were some people on Epsom Downs whose hearts stood still when Pharos got his head in front at the "bell."

My Derby Competition Result.

I had 40,000 postcards to examine for my First and Last Competition. The price (100–15) floored everybody, but there are four competitors who named the two horses correctly and gave the winner's starting price as 18–2. They, therefore, share the prize of £25, and receive £6 5s. each. My congratulations! Their names and addresses are:—

B. COOMBE, 12, Clarence Road, St. Thomas, Exeter.
EDWIN COLLINGS, 12, Nelson Street, Willington Quay-on-Tyne.
J. GLYNN, 9, Baxter Street, Warrington.
A. MILLER, 8, Lawn Street, Winchester.

Another Competition.

I will give a tenner (£10) to the reader who sends me on a postcard, to reach me by Monday, the 18th:

First,
Fourth,
Time of winner,
in the Royal Hunt Cup.

One per Reader.

No reader will be allowed to send more than ONE postcard. In the last competition a reader sent a thousand! That isn't fair to the man who hasn't the time or the money to work out separate combinations, and, moreover, it is essential that postcards should bear the time of posting. All postcards in the last competition which did not bear the time or were sent enclosed in parcels were automatically disqualified. By postcard is meant a card that is posted, not a card that is delivered by hand or parcel post. Don't try it on the old man.

I congratulate the *Evening Standard* on taking without acknowledgment my idea for a winning doubles postcard competition. People who haven't any initiative of their own can always apply to JOHN BULL—we have thousands of ideas in stock.

Scyphius.

It was rather surprising to find the name of Scyphius absent from such races as the Wokingham Stakes, but the flying grey is in a number of weight-for-age races at Ascot, and should not be missed. "I am told," as they say in racing circles, that he can make rings round Aldersey at level weights.

Remember.

Isle of Wight was tried 10 lbs. better than Precious before the Royal Stakes—a fact which should be borne in mind. He is, however, not so generous a horse as Precious, and hardly as courageous as Crowdennis.

An Oversight.

You would hardly believe that, having instructed my readers in the changes of names, I myself overlooked the fact that the Credenda colt had been named "Creditable," and in consequence missed a very good win. "It only shows . . . !"

Fewer Welshers.

I heard fewer complaints about welshing than usual on Wednesday, though, with a popular fancy like Papyrus winning, it was inevitable that some of the lads of the village should fold their tents and silently steal away. I shall never forgive myself for spoiling the book of a little bettor at Tattenham Corner by taking £10 to £5 about Meteoric on my way to the station. It is about the only time I have beaten Tatts with an outside bookmaker.

Ascot Next.

And, by the way, I saw a very prominent jockey stop and have a ten-shilling bet about the same horse. It was only a joke bet, but he won. He did not, however, stop to draw his money.

I have an idea that we are going to see record crowds at Ascot next week. In fact, this looks like being the biggest "popular" gathering of the year. And if Psychology wins . . . !

NEWMARKET NOTES.

The Newbury Cup, to be decided to-morrow, will attract a great deal of interest. R. Day has no fewer than three horses engaged, but will no doubt only send one, which will most likely play a very prominent part. If a good boy could be found for Apron, I should think he would want a deal of beating; from what I have seen of them galloping at home, I certainly think he is the better horse at the weights.

If Silurian is kept for this, I shall expect him to have something to do with the finish. He was, I believe, very unlucky in the Manchester Cup, but it is quite possible he may be seen out before. Should this be his selected race, I don't think I know of anything to beat him.

Irish Belfry continues to do well, and is certain to be placed to win before very long.

Ragout for Newbury.

Ragout, I understand, gives Epsom a bye and takes his chance here, which I think is a very good one. He seems to be on the up-grade, and his best performance in public, when giving Mizzen Mast twelve pounds, bears inspection.

Young Pole, I am of the opinion, does not do on a course what he does at home. He is without a doubt the best horse Boyd Rochfort trains. I believe the connections were sadly disappointed he did not win the Great Northern Handicap at York. He was by no means disgraced and did not have the best of luck in running. I believe he is having a go for this and will want a lot of beating. Wragg, I understand, is to have the mount again. If the race comes to Newmarket I think it will be with the aid of Silurian, Ragout and Young Pole. I like them in the order mentioned.

ROYAL HUNT CUP.

If His Majesty wins the Royal Hunt Cup I think it will be with Weathervane, who can be made out to have a big chance on his best performance and will no doubt be well handicapped. He is giving satisfaction in his home gallops, and he may be one of the fancied division.

Re-Echo, I think, will do better in the autumn. He does not seem to me as if he has found his best form. In a good fast gallop with Corn Sack, Blagueur and Fast Colour, he appeared to go very sluggishly, and at the present time I should not advise anybody to take a price about him.

Pondoland is striding out in good style, and will no doubt be winning a nice race in due course. Shri we have not seen the best of yet, and there are possibilities about such as Bonne Race, Great Star, Lambton's selected and Black Gown. Anyhow, I shall be able to come to a decision in next week's issue.

SOME NEWMARKET WINNERS.

Pilgrim's March ran last Saturday week at Doncaster behind Bella Do, but this is a big fine colt, who is thought a great deal of by his trainer, and is one that is certain to win races in due course. Another going in good style, and expected to win very shortly, is Mrs. Fail, and although this is not a first-rater, I can assure readers she is worth making a note of.

Tittenhurst is well down the handicap, and the way he has been going with Tarpon and others in the same stable is going to be returned a winner soon.

Neptis.

One of the most promising youngsters in Darling's string is Neptis. He ran very well behind Appleby at Newmarket, and has gone in the right way since. I shall expect this one to be seen in winning brackets shortly.

I have seen Haymaker going well at exercise with several other useful ones from Jarvis' stable, and I feel pretty certain he will be placed to win very shortly. Great Barrier, located in the same stable, is more than useful. Make a note of these two.

I understand that Golden Mesh was most unlucky when running behind Indolence at Haydock Park. She was struck into, besides being nearly knocked over the rails. She is going in fine style again, and being nicely handicapped, should soon be returned a winner. I have a lot of confidence in this filly.

A two-year-old that has been well galloped since winning at Epsom is College Green, who should be followed for a similar event. Honan (2-y.o.) is a better horse than his previous running tells you. He is going in splendid style just now, and is reckoned to be the same animal as Tutankhamen. Those connected think highly of him, and he should be made a note of.

A Disappointment.

His Excellency was a big disappointment last year. I saw him on several occasions beat such horses as Black Gown, Linby, Service Kit, and Wee Mon. He was fancied more than a little to win last year's Stewards' Cup, and was ridden on that occasion by little Morgan, and I believe he finished close up. That was the best performance he gave all the year. He was put down as a "rogue," but he is a good horse without a doubt, and now he seems to have mended his ways and taken kindly to racing again, he may win a nice handicap. No horse could be doing better and I shall be surprised if he does not win again.

Unlucky so far.

Blagueur went in good style on Saturday in company with Re-Echo and Fast Colour, a good seven-furlong spin on the Limekilns. He has been rather a disappointment so far this season, or perhaps I might say unlucky, but he certainly had the best of the gallop all the way. From what I can gather, he will be seen out next week, and I feel sure that, whatever happens on this occasion, he will pay to follow.

Deserted Village, also from the same stable, will, I think, be placed to win a race early on. This filly is still a maiden, but has to my knowledge been well galloped on different occasions, and should be borne in mind.

A Promising Colt.

The best young one Walters has got at the present time is Cravenette c. He is not what I call a good one, but he is useful and certain to win when they want him. I have seen him gallop several times with the old ones as well as the young ones, and he always comes out on top. He ran at Doncaster last week, where I thought he had a great chance, but it appears they did not think so. He started at any price, and Rawles rode it. I don't intend to take much notice of that running. You will find him winning before long. He won't be any price, and Rawles will not be his jockey.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

(The two horses starred are the "Daily Double.")

NEWBURY (WEDNESDAY).

2.0 Williamina II. c. (Vain Percy, Lute g.).
2.30 Lembas (Brotherhood, Petty Cury).
3.10 Craigangower (Diligence, Knockando).
3.45 Polydipsia (The Owl, Isle of Wight).
4.15 Stowe* (Hades, Pont Royal).
4.45 Spes* (Mizzen Mast, Pomone).

NEWBURY (THURSDAY).

2.0 Desperation* (Kitsiwitsy, Golden Error)
2.30 Long Corrie (Bantry, Dimanche Deal).
3.10 NEWBURY SUMMER CUP: Craigangower* (Puttenden Snell).
3.45 Stowe (Honan, Phalara).
4.15 Earl Snowball (Sunny Rose, Anitra's Dance).
4.45 Gnocchi* (Nane Snugger).

GATWICK (FRIDAY).

2.0 El Tofan (Sword Play, Friar's Daughter).
2.30 Billy Beck* (Harewick, Oshkosh).
3.0 Confirmation (Piccolisko, Young Visiter).
3.30 Vic's Choice (Overseer, Compiler).
4.0 Witty* (Pretty Dick, Orderly).
4.25 North End (Gianforte).

GATWICK (SATURDAY).

2.0 Green Inlet (Jacynth, Pont Royal).
2.30 Household Brigade* (Montague, Lembas)
3.0 Anelida (Taxpayer, Righteous).
3.30 Free From Pride* (Charles Surface, Lucky Prince).
4.0 Friar's Melody (Holy Friar, The Wild Goose).
4.25 Nymphida (Thoughtless, Ferdia)

Sportsmen
MILE

Bonne Ligne is going well just now, and is about the best youngster in H. Leader's string. She is doing strong work, as if intended to run at an early date.

Watch O'Dorney.

O'Dorney has been galloping with Lighthouse and Junk, and going in such good style that he cannot fail to win races. He has missed several engagements, but I advise that he should be made a special note of, probably next week.

One for Ascot.

The best one Gilpin has found at present is Royal Crescent. She is entered for the Acorn Stakes at Epsom, but I hear is a doubtful starter, and probably waits for Ascot. This is a beautiful grey filly and can travel.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Since running in the Two Thousand Guineas, Kinnaird has been put by with the object of winning a race at Ascot. He has done well lately.

• • •

Blackland has not stood still since running third for the Victoria Cup. His owner fully expects the horse to win another nice race or two this season.

• • •

A sound, staying three-year-old, Sierra Leone proved, by the way he stuck to Bowood at York, that he is gameness personified. This is the sort that win races.

• • •

Baalbek showed us at Doncaster that he is fast running into form. A capital stayer, he ought to pick up a handicap in the North at no distant date.

• • •

Fred Darling is said to train a useful filly in Yonder, who has come on considerably since last season. She will always, however, be seen to best advantage over short courses.

• • •

Ferdia found the course too short for him when running unplaced to Set Off at Hurst Park. The gelding will, however, gain winning brackets over a longer distance.

• • •

Tudor King, being a son of Swynford and Pretty Polly, is highly-bred enough in all conscience. It is said that he likewise possesses the gift of going, and his first appearance as a three-year old will be awaited with interest.

• • •

One that has run well on two or three occasions is Chartered. This season he has not succeeded in catching the judge's eye. His best distance is seven furlongs, over which he is quite useful.

• • •

Though nearing the veteran stage, Jackadale is very useful in his class, and worth keeping an eye upon in races over a mile and a half or thereabouts.

• • •

A much improved three-year-old is Scullion, trained by Hogg at Russley. As befits a son of Junior, he will be found to possess abundant stamina.

• • •

So far this season, Poisoned Arrow has been running out of his distance. His best course is a mile.

• • •

Given confidence by his easy victory at Windsor, it is on the cards that Scamp will gain further victories.

• • •

Harpenden is no good in a big field. With only two or three opponents to beat, he is a different horse.

• • •

Despite his victory at York, Karl is never likely to distinguish himself as a stayer.

• • •

Bad horses give as much trouble to owners as their more highly esteemed compeers. Longship Light, for instance, considered a certainty at Salisbury, lamed himself so badly during the journey in an attempt to kick his box to pieces that he was unable to run.

The Royal Hunt Cup.

The weights of the Royal Hunt Cup are now with us, and are worth studying. Gee! but they've taken care of Psychology! 8.11 to Condover's 8.13 (with penalty). By the way, why should the stylish winner of a £1,000 weight for age race only get a 5 lb. penalty, when the winner of a £500 handicap gets 10 lbs.?

Beauregard may start Favourite.

At first glance I like Psychology 8.11 (better at a mile than Condover), Poisoned Arrow 8.9, Sicyon 8.8 (won over this course last year), Villars 8.7 (even with his penalty), Eaglehawk 8.4, Tremola 7.13, Beauregard 7.7 (may start favourite), Lady Sleipner 7.6, Plas Newydd 6.8 (the second best handicapped horse in the race) and The Basilisk 6.7.

The Best.

I'm not worrying about Re-Echo because I think he's a bit of a dog. Sicyon, in a field like this, may find the distance too far, and I shall reduce my preliminary selection to Psychology, Beauregard, Poisoned Arrow and Tremola. Of these I like Tremola best. The French horse Epinard is a flier, but may go for a shorter race.

ALL SPORTS.

I am glad to see that Hoover is coming over to defend his title in the Diamond Sculls. And I fancy, from what I saw of him last year, that it will be a successful defence, unless some trainer has worked a miracle with our men. I should not imagine that either T. Beresford or Pedder or Worcester will beat him.

• • •

The weather last week was shocking for field games, but Kent again played a fine side and gave us some spectacular cricket in the most horrible atmospheric conditions, but it is impossible for shivering spectators to work up any enthusiasm even for hectic centuries.

• • •

Everyone will be glad to see that Frank Woolley's brother, who has been carrying Northants on his shoulders this year, and heads the batting averages to date, has already been honoured with an invitation to play in the Gentlemen and Players match at Lord's. He will be an All-England cricketer yet.

• • •

I suppose every cyclist next month will be flocking to Olympia to see the great six-day race which Ixion's are organising, under similar rules and conditions to those held annually in Paris, Brussels, New York, Sydney, etc., with a field composed of fourteen teams representing nine different nationalities. A ten-lap track is being specially constructed.

• • •

The open Golf Championship will be in full swing by the time these notes appear. We ought to see some fine golf, and in a curious betting list I saw, I found that Hagen, the American, was a good favourite, with J. L. Jenkins, the amateur champion, "well up."

• • •

There are people who sneer at tennis as being a "feminine" game, and really the hysterical methods of certain male impersonators who play in important matches support that view. When you see a grown man throw down his racket because he has been beaten, you wait expectantly for him to burst into tears. There is too much of this form of childishness in "big" tennis, and the sooner the newspapers make a faithful report of these proceedings the better.

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Seaside Overcrowding.

A drawback to holiday-makers, and a trial to boarding-house keepers themselves, is the overcrowding of seaside boarding-houses. Some of these are so crowded that every available space is used, quite unsuitable for sleeping accommodation, whilst other houses in other parts of the watering-place may be only half full. A great reform would be accomplished if boarding-houses were registered as to the number of occupants they would be allowed to take in.—*F. Colbridge, 40, Spring Cliffe, Manningham, Bedford.*

The Path of Immorality.

In the jazz time of a holiday at some seaside hotel hydro, the lives of many men have frequently been permanently spoiled and the wings of butterfly women broken. The "Mr. and Mrs." in the guests' book does not regularly prove that the couples are married. Existing customs and conditions throw the door to a new and risky adventure wide open for many unmarried, and with unhappy and disastrous sequels. The way to immorality is too easy as the records of our divorce courts prove. Cannot something be done to keep our holiday houses morally clean?—*E. M. C., Leeds.*

Clergymen and Their Views.

The experience of the clergyman in "Human Documents" is but the story of hundreds of clergymen of all denominations, who to-day dare not preach what they think and believe for fear of expulsion or ostracism. To my mind that is one of the reasons for our empty churches, and the sooner the heads of the churches wake up to this fact the better. Many of these humble ministers of religion are better than their creed, but by force of circumstances have to submit to their rulers. The sincerity of a man's convictions and his character are better axioms for right living than any creed can ever be, and if he cannot give them from a pulpit, then farewell honesty in religious belief and moral persuasion.—*John Hulme, 84, Ceroston Street, Bolton.*

Keeping the Alien Out.

Much has been said about the enemy aliens gradually worming their way back into this country, and literally walking into some of the best jobs, thereby ousting the very men who fought against them only a few short years ago. Our Consular system should be revised with regard to these gentry in that a stiff fee should be charged (say, £25) before their passports are *vised*, and also they should be charged a certain sum yearly for the privilege of earning their living here. If something like this were done many would think twice before parting with their £25. Even if this did not prove a deterrent, they could be made to pay their fee in gold.—*J. G., Liverpool.*

Wrapping Up the Meat.

Is it not time the Ministry of Health looked to that serious practice of butchers selling meat in common, unclean newspapers? Newspapers are saved by various families and then sold to the butcher. Dozens of these papers leave households where consumption is present, from whence the butcher rolls meat in it, then returning to a different household, thus spreading infectious germs. Butchers will oblige sometimes by placing grease paper over the purchase, but not sufficient to cover it. It's nearly time we adopted the French method and demand our food in paper purchased direct from the mills, not old stick-under-the-cushion, seven-year-old stuff. — *H. James Jordan, Southampton.*

More Panel Folly.

Chemists who supply medicines to Panel patients are paid per scale only for medicines actually supplied. Doctors, on the other hand, are paid for the actual number of patients on their Panel list, sick or well. Why not pay the doctor for each visit or consultation? This would be more satisfactory to the Panel patient, and would ensure the doctor getting paid for "services rendered."—*S. D. J., Gloucester.*

Our State Bank!

Why is it that the G.P.O. take 12 to 13 days to clear a cheque? A relative of mine opened an account in the Post Office Savings Bank with two crossed cheques (one drawn on a Ramsgate bank and one on a London bank) on May 19th, and at the same time made out a withdrawal notice for £20. The voucher for the £20 arrived on Thursday, May 31st, and being early closing day the post office was shut at time of call. She went again on June 1st and the postmaster politely informed her that he had not sufficient money to meet it, and she must call back again at mid-day when the next post would be in. Surely the Post Office Savings Bank machinery wants oiling!—*E. McL., 18, Royal Road, Ramsgate.*

The Unmarried Mother.

Is it not time something was done for the unmarried mother in Scotland? At present she is allowed up to 10s. a week. Such women are only too anxious usually to help the child and to forget the sin and folly they have paid for. Very often they lose good jobs, and are forced into work they are not fitted for, and are separated from their babies. What happens when such mothers are taken ill? What of the fathers? The father of my baby is in a good position, but I can't always afford to buy JOHN BULL—my only luxury. Yet there are thousands of harder cases than mine. Do women such as I ever win through and become nobler and truer women, or do they go under in the struggle? It is no credit to our Scottish laws if we do win through.—*M., Scotland.*

Foreigners First—as Usual.

Is it not disgraceful that the N.A.A.F.I., with all their privileges amongst our fighting forces, should sell matches with the label, "Made for N.A.A.F.I. . . . in Czecho-Slovakia"?

Surely British Servicemen should get British matches in their own canteens.

Of course home-made matches are dearer wholesale, but, strange to say, they are all the same price retail!

The N.A.C.B. has turned into the N.A.A.F.I., but the profit-grabbing methods are the same, and in the future there will be some more millions of pounds accumulated, and then, like old soldiers, "fading away."—*L. A. M., Durrington.*

More Lady Doctors.

I think we ought to have more lady doctors in our local infirmaries. Young women and girls don't care to have themselves examined by male doctors. I know one young woman who will not go to the infirmary, although she has been ordered to, because she cannot bear the thought of being examined by male doctors and students.—*Sympathy, Newcastle.*

Insurance Protection.

Is it not time the Government went ahead with the passing of the Industrial Assurance Bill? At present, the working man takes out a life policy, premium payable say one shilling per week. For five years all goes well we'll say, then lean days come, and he finds he is unable to continue the insurance. To-day the industrial assurance office, finding the insured can no longer meet the premiums due, are able to cancel the policy, pocket all premiums paid to date, with no refund whatsoever being made to the unfortunate insurer.—"*Fairway,*" *Lancs.*

A Question of Teeth—

Considering the great number of people who suffer from decayed teeth, bringing as they do serious diseases and illnesses in their train, it seems a matter of public importance that they should be extracted free through Ministry of Health or other body where people are too poor to pay dentists' fees. In America I have rear they have many dental institutions giving free service to the poorer classes. They understand evidently there that bad teeth and indigestion, etc., are not conducive to good health, good temper or good workmanship.—*S. H. J., Silverdale.*

—And the Answer.

Thousands of people who are members of approved societies under the Health Insurance Acts could obtain from their societies substantial grants towards the cost of artificial teeth, fillings, etc., but they do not know these benefits exist. All insured persons should apply to their society to ascertain if a grant can be made and can go to any dentist for treatment. This should be made known to all insured persons.—*Retlaw, Manchester.*

Better Betting Laws.

Is it not time our betting laws were made "better for the bettor," if I might so put it? If a bookmaker returns money for a non-starter on the day of the race, why not extend this "privilege" in the case of anti-post wagers? The present one-sided arrangement simply amounts to "money for nothing" for the layer of odds. Then, again, I contend that even although a horse comes under the starter's orders, if it does not cross the line the backer ought to have his money returned for a non-runner. Surely the supporters of Evander for the Manchester Cup recently deserve sympathy. The horse was literally kicked and backed out of the race by another infuriated animal and was taken back to the paddock badly injured. A non-runner, surely, I would say!—"*MacWhan,*" *Glasgow.*

Divorce and the Press.

Should the Press publish divorce trials, or any case involving sordid and disgusting details? An extraordinary difficult question. If the cases are entirely ignored the newspaper public will get only an idea of the placid surface of life. The unpleasant will be carefully hidden out of sight. And the public will be unaware of much of the evil in the tangled web of happiness and misery which make up human existence. The purpose of the Press is to hold up the mirror to good and evil faithfully and truthfully. How can that function be accurately performed if the truth is concealed because it is not nice. I don't see any particular need to adopt the French law which permits nothing to be reported but the results. The Press should continue to use at its discretion the instrument of publicity for the protection of Society.—*V. Bremner, Dennistoun.*

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This simple home treatment is working miracles every day. CURICONES have saved thousands of sufferers from despair. Their wonderful action often begins with the first dose—pain is banished—swellings disappear—vitality is restored. No such remedy has ever before been placed within the reach of sufferers from

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Its action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

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Fill in and post the coupon AT ONCE. You will then receive a generous trial treatment, together with a useful book telling how CURICONES were discovered, and how a London Manufacturing Chemist cured his wife of Rheumatoid Arthritis—the most chronic of all Rheumatic ailments—by this simple home treatment after everything else had failed. Over 300 doctors have given CURICONES their warm approval, and are now recommending them as a quick, safe and easy cure for all Rheumatic ailments.

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Drs. D. . . . and B. . . . write:—"Please to say Curicones have given good results."

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FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

Please send me free and post-paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid-Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table, and full particulars of your discovery.

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Send this Coupon TO-DAY

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, fill in and post this coupon NOW, and in addition to the FREE treatment and useful book, you will receive further convincing testimony from the medical profession and former sufferers, of the Curative action of CURICONES. This free treatment has been the first step to complete relief with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TO-DAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

BACKYARDER (Leyton).—"I can't make my chickens pay." Summons them!

FAIRPLAY (Paisley).—"Give them a fair chance. Personally I think Members of Parliament are trying!" Very!

GRANNY (Bayswater).—"The present generation lacks backbone." But they've plenty of "side."

ALICE (————?).—"How far is it from here to Cardiff?" But, Alice, where art thou?

SATISFIED (Bury).—"My wife's cooking is all right." Good! otherwise it would be all left.

MRS. B. (Hockley).—"My little son is being christened after his father." Some years after, no doubt.

BERT (Edmonton).—"My neighbour's hens keep worrying me." Get your dog to reciprocate.

MODESTY (Buxton).—"My greatest aim in life is to become a millionaire." Modesty, thy name is surely ambition.

B. BEE (Chelsea).—"I am compiling a dictionary of modern slang and have got as far as 'E.'." Write us again when you get to "L."

JOHN H. (Wallingford).—"I am putting every ounce into my *Bullets* this week." Good, let's hope you win one of the pounds.

WORRIED (Finsbury Park, N.).—"It is indeed difficult to keep the home going nowadays." Our difficulty's to keep it from *not* going.

ASPIRANT (Hull).—"How do you go about publishing a song?" Depends on the song. Sometimes it's highly dangerous to go about at all.

WORKER (Shotts).—"If the next Government isn't largely Communist I'll eat my hat." Better than talking through it, anyhow.

F. G. (Exeter).—"Why is it that you always refer to swindlers as 'barefaced'?" Because invariably we can spot their brazen cheek.

J. W. (Eastbourne).—"I can think best in an express train travelling at 50 miles an hour." We've advised all the railway companies.

TALLOW DIP (Newcastle).—"Have you ever seen the Solar Spectrum (red, white and blue) around the flame of a burning candle?" We have; but we're more generous now when adding the water.

BACKSOME (Leeds).—"We don't hear so much of the too-old-at-forty theory as we did a few years ago." Of course not. The young fellows who said it are middle-aged themselves now.

T. B. K. (Plymouth.)—"In my opinion Baldwin will turn out a strong man." But isn't that the Serjeant-at-Arms' job?

JUNE 24 (Maidstone).—"It does cost a lot to get married these days." Another example of the increased cost of loving.

ARTHUR B. (Kingston).—"We have a few thousands invested in coal." So you're the fellow who's holding up summer?

OPTTOP (Saltaire).—"After all, what is there for a teetotaler to drink?" The answer's a small lemon.

F. E. (Bournemouth).—"Big men haven't got all the brains." Bet you're not a six-footer.

J. J. M. (Chedworth).—"Why not pay doctors by results?" 'Cause dead men pay no bills.

DAY-DREAM (Oxford).—"Sometimes my pen runs away with me." What a nib!

DOUBLE (Wrexham).—"Burns called whisky a mental bath." That explains why we're a clean-minded people.

A. K. R. (Sutton).—"Men's clothes have certainly come down a lot lately." Dash! those buttons.

G. C. (Hastings).—"Why are well-known actors called stars?" Heaven knows.

J. B. (Renfrew).—"I think the time has come for all our National resources to be pooled." Then another little think won't do you any harm.

A. K. (Seven Oaks).—"Having a Highland holiday this year, so am prepared for plenty of rain." Never mind, you'll come across plenty of MacIntoshes.

M. C. (Folkestone).—"Everybody should be examined by X-rays every seven years." Now here's something to look into.

G. R. C. (Birmingham).—"The small business man is waiting for the crumbs to fall from the rich man's table." Hope he won't get crusty.

W. G. (Dudley).—"The language of some of my fellow workers is an offence to the ears. How can I stop them." What about cotton wool?

DIXIE (Bradford).—"I myself have taught hundreds of working men to fish." My word! If you're turning out all these "Fishers" you must simply be coining money.

STUDIOUS (Merthyr).—I've often thought that a little consideration would make the world a much better place to live in." The trouble with you thinkers is that you are so darned original.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

F. G. B. (Neath).—"What is the capital of Holland?" "H" of course.

M. G. K. (Bristol).—"I can always see the funny side of things." But supposing the funny bit's in the middle?

DORIS (Kennington).—"I've invented a perfume that is simply angelic." Sounds Heaven-scent.

MIDDLE-AGED (Cheltenham).—"I've changed quite a lot lately." Good! the washing's come home, then!

W. H. D. (Denbigh).—"Facts are stubborn things." Now we know what to christen the family moke.

G. B. (Boston).—"The vicar and I do not always strike the same nail." Personally, it's always our thumb we biff.

E. P. (Batley).—"I have my little vices, but backing horses is not one of them." Then that makes you no bettor.

G. B. (Wanstead).—"The Panel system wants scrapping." Righto! we'll tell Joe Beckett.

W. A. (Dunstable).—"Why do we see enlargements being made of doctor's surgeries?" Haven't the faintest. Our knowledge of photography is nixy.

A MOTHER (Blaydon-on-Tyne).—"If I have any more it will bebottle-fed." Hope you won't need a couple of bottles, Ma.

G. OLIVER (Chirnside).—"Three-quarters of a pint of water can be added to a gallon of milk." Now we know why our wife said it looked like rain this morning.

R. T. (Catford).—"It's surprising how many waitresses make good marriages." Not at all. Look at the good tips they get.

OVER SEVENTY (Dartford).—"Although I've brought up a family of nine, I love babies still." We love 'em best still ourselves.

J. R. C. (Dorking).—"Our milkman has given me some nice winners." Skims the papers, we suppose, and collects the cream of information.

J. J. N. (Chedworth).—"No motorist should be supplied with intoxicants." Want to make the highways dryways. Don't be silly!

J. H. C. (Manchester).—"One shilling for a standing-up seat at a football match is excessive." What about three bob for the sitting-down stand?

RACQUET (Westbrook).—"Billiards strikes me as an old man's game." Quite so! It's certainly usual to play from 50 up.

ANNIE B. (Bermondsey).—"The man who invented baby carriages should be made to do his shopping with one." And probably he'd turn it into a Bassinette.

A. J. H. (Cardiff).—"There's nothing that gives me greater pleasure than to play the piano, or violin, or sing." Why not include a trap-drum and make a jazz-band of yourself.

NON-COMBINE (Beckenham).—"Even taxi-drivers must live." Rank bias!

THINKER (Basingstoke).—"Nothing will satisfy the working classes." That's just about what they've got.

T. C. S. (Newport).—"I can rhyme with ease." Ah! but can you rhyme with orange?

J. R. (Putney).—"To my mind draughts is the king of games." On the other hand the doctor advises us to avoid them as much as possible.

K. A. (Finsbury Park).—"I must say that JOHN BULL is always fair to women." And all women are fair to J.B., lady.

WELL PLEASED (Llandudno).—"It's rather a shame that mother-in-laws should be laughed at." We don't—we daren't.

K. J. C. (Eltham).—"Fancy Gladys Cooper having her hair bobbed!" Do we fancy her? Rather!! More than ever.

W. R. (Cupar-Fife).—"Have the police nothing else to do but hunt for street bookies." Some of them put their bets on by telephone, of course.

A. F. (Stafford).—"50 per cent. of the 'W.A.A.C.'s' were domestic servants." Fancy that now! there must have been more generals than privates.

G. R. (Brighton).—"Why are there so many men unemployed?" Probably it's because they're like Officialdom—doing nothing.

P. E. (Cardiff).—"My opinion is that the Liberal Party will soon be in power again. What's yours?" A double Scotch!

PRIVATE A. G. (Aldershot).—"The boots they are serving out to us are miles too big." Obviously the shoemaker measured your feet.

P. R. K. (Tring).—"I never go to church." Why? We know lots of people who do.

J. M. (South Shields).—"A nagging wife is the greatest hardship with which a man has to deal." If it's not your own wife don't worry.

INSURED (Belfast).—The Health Insurance Act is most unfair." The main feature of the Act appears to be that it doesn't!

K. R. W. (Ashford).—"It makes me sick to see young girls smoking." And, believe us, some of them don't feel too well themselves.

GOLDIE (Epping).—"I can think of all sorts of things worth writing about." Then why don't you write about things worth thinking about?

E. L. (Lancaster).—"My territory covers 30 miles radius, and I've to shoulder a heavy bag of samples." Carrying things a bit too far, aren't you?

TOP-SHELF (Hampstead).—"It wants some pluck for women to wear the evening dresses now fashionable." They certainly display a good deal of back-bone.

ACCOUNTANT (Dundee).—"You'd be surprised if you knew the number of people who pay Income Tax." But we'd probably be more surprised if we knew the numbers who don't—but should.

MAY FLOWER (St. John's Wood).—"The silly little caps that cricketers wear are absolutely absurd." Bowlers would be more appropriate, wouldn't they?

E. H. (Tooting).—"What a pity dance organisers don't include in their programmes some of the dear old dances." Then we'd see some of the dear old dears dancing.

G. G. (Sheffield).—"It's time the public protested against the way the Railway Companies treat trippers at holiday times. Haven't known the Railway Companies to treat anybody, but anyhow, it's usually the trippers that do the "standing."

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil FREE!

What I Know About Medicines

And how you can avoid paying excessive prices!

By WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., L.C.C.,

Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health"; Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Gt. Britain.

The high cost of drugs is very hard on the sick. Antipyrin, Caesara, Citrates, Hexamine, Magnesia, Phenacetin, Quinine, Salicylates, &c., are still above pre-war prices. Chemists are not to blame for high prices. As a large buyer I am able to dispense medicines at reasonable fees. A few specimens are given below. More home remedies are contained in my publication, "Health News," and I will send specimen copies to all purchasers of any of the following if asked for when ordering:—

LOOK FOR YOUR AILMENT BELOW, SEND FOR MEDICINE AT PRICES NAMED:

Cold in the Head
Or Acute Nasal Catarrh,
Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 29TX. A new advancement, germicidal tablet. Price 1/- (sgl. 1/6 (pr. 2/9 (100). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 33T.

BRONCHIAL COUGH, COLD ON THE CHEST, NASAL CATARRH.
(Prescription 231.)
Paregoric Elixir, Licorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.
Price 1/- (sgl. 1/9 (pr. 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 29TX. *See above.*

TIRED, ACHING, AND PERSPIRING FEET. FOOT-BATH TABLETS.
(Prescription 232).
Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash, Oatmeal, Wintergreen.
Price 1/6 (sgl. 2/- (pr. 2/9 (100), 5/- (300).

WEAKNESS, DISCOLOURED FEET AND GREY HAIRS.
(Prescription 344.)
Given remarkable results and improves health.
Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.
Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and 5/-. With directions. In tablets.

DROPSY.
(Prescription 233.)
An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.
Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.
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SHORTNESS OF BREATH, WEAKNESS, GALLOP SOUND, PALPITATION, ACUTE AND CHRONIC HEART DISEASE.
(Prescription 442.)
Charcoal, Dried Sulphate Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian. Price 1/- (sgl. 1/9 (pr. 2/6 (144). 6/- (432 tablets).

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION, TORPID LIVER, GIDDINESS.
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(A successful treatment.)
Extract of Sarsaparilla, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, etc.
Price 1/- (sgl. 2/6 (72). 6/6 (144 pills). With directions.

NERVE AND BLOOD-FORMING TONIC.
Tuberculosis, Nervousness, Anæmia.
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Zinc Phosphide, Calcium Hypophosphite, Lecithin, Soda Hypophosphite, Cascara, Potassium Hypophosphite.
Price 1/- (sgl. 2/6 (72). 6/6 (144). 22/- (432 tablets).

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Contains Nature's Digestive Juices.
Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.
Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment.
In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals.
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(Prescription 285.)
Useful for Anæmic housewives, either male or female.
Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., Aloin, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin.
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Chronic Nerve Exhaustion.
The Disease of Modern Civilised Men and Women.

Neurasthenia, one of the commonest complaints of these times, is a weakness of the nervous system. Neurasthenia is curable, but the period required to effect the cure rests entirely with the sufferer. It depends on the determination to win through, and to fully understand the nature of the ailment. To combat Neurasthenia, combined with giddiness or dizziness, we recommend Heart Tonic Prescription 630. This is splendid for shattered nerves, palpitation of the heart, and trembling limbs.

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THE BRAIN AND NERVE VITALISING TONIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC. (Prescription 470.)

BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC.
MENTAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS		
PHOSPHORUS. Constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers.	*Phosphorus* :: 1-100th grn.	VALUE OF INGREDIENTS *DAMIANA.* Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. *LECITHIN.* Natural Glycerophosphate. Used in rheumatism arising from defective nutrition.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.	*Nux Vomica* :: 1-30th grn.	
	Damiana :: 1 grn.	
	Lecithin :: 1 grn.	

Price 1/- (sgl. 1/6 (pr. 2/9 (96), 6/- (100), 27/- (500 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC.

A WORLD-FAMED HEART AND NERVE TONIC—PREVENTS HEART FAILURE AFTER INFLUENZA.
A VALUABLE WARM-WEATHER TONIC.
HEART TONIC (Prescription 632.)
PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FAINTING TO FEEDS IN THE WARM WEATHER.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.		VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.	*Nux Vomica Ex.* 1-16th grn.	*GENTIAN.* Tones the Stomach. *DANDELION.* Stimulates the kidneys.
DIGITALIS. Steadies the action of the heart.	*Gentian Extract* 1 grn.	
	Digitalis ... 1 grn.	
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Price 1/- (sgl. 1/6 (pr. 2/6 (72). 6/6 (144 pills).

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GRAVEL. (Prescription 45.)
Pancreatine Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Vinum Turpentine, Bearberry, Copaiba, Juniper Oil, Cubebs, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Gravel, Sciatica, etc. Price 1/- (sgl. 1/9 (pr. 2/6 (72). 6/6 (144 tablets).

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL CORNS.
(Prescription 291.)
Get rid of them with this. *Salicylic Acid, Resin Ointment, etc.*
With directions. Price 9½d.

You can have these medicines sent free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
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ACIDITY
Cured in One Week for One Shilling.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Dullness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rx:
Bismuth Carb., 5-grain grains.
Soda Bicarb., 5-grain grains.
Magnesia Carb., 5 grains.
Oil of Peppermint, 1-16th drop.
Oil of Aniseed, 1-16th drop.
In 1 Tablet.

Trial Size 1/-

(Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,097.)

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the speedy improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (30 tablets). Larger family sizes 2/6 (72), 5/6 (144), and 7/- (432). Post free.

CONSTIPATION, BILLIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION.
(Prescription 2,008.)
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headaches, and acute forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.
Barbados Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.
With directions. Price 1/- (72), 1/9 (100), or 2/- (300 pills).

BAD BLOOD TONIC FOR ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES.
(Prescription 1,222.)
A known, admired, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier.
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FEMALE WEAKNESS TONIC.
(Prescription 422.)
Will help you over the ills.
Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Cola, Damiana.
In pills. Price 2/6 (sgl. 2/- (pr. and 3/- (100). With directions.

GOUT, ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SWOLLEN TOES and FINGERS.
(Prescription 74.)
Colchicum, Blue Pill, Rhubarb Pill, Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.
Price 1/- (sgl. 1/6 (pr. 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills).

CLOUDED URINE, SEDIMENTATION, GREEN STOOLS, GREEN LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA.
(Prescription 304.)
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.
Price 1/- (sgl. 2/6 (72). 6/6 (144 pills).

CHRONICALLY COLD, FEMALES, SENSELESS, ALOPECIA (Bald Patches).
(Prescription 555.)
Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.
To be applied night and morning.
Price 1/6 and 2/-

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS, Blood Pressure Hardeners Unmasking.
Specialist's known and approved prescription.
Soda Sulphate, Soda Chloride, Soda Carbonate, Neutral Soda Phosphate, Soda Nitrate, Magnesia Phosphate, Calcium Glycerophosphate, in each tablet.
(Prescription 1,102.)
Price 1/- (sgl. 2/6 (100 tablets).

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, ARTHRITIS, AND INFLUENZA.
(Prescription 283.)
Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.
Price 1/6 (sgl. 2/- (pr. 2/6 (100 tablets). With directions.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE.
(Prescription 1,078.)
Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.
You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs, with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall.
Price 9d. (sgl. 1/6 (pr. 2/6 (100 tablets).

GASTRITIS, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.
(Prescription 784T.)
Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.
Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets.
Price 1/- (sgl. 2/6 (72). 6/6 (144 tablets).

EPILEPSY.
(Prescription 286T.)
Falling Sickness.
Ammonium, Potassium and Sodium Bromides, Ammonium Carbonate, Potassium Iodide, Compound Tincture of Gentian.
Price 1/- (sgl. 2/6 (72). 6/- (144 tablets).

HOARSE THROAT, HAWKING, LARYNGITIS, TONSILLITIS, &c.
(Prescription 1,094.)
Potassium Chlorate, Borax, Formamide, Tannin, Cinnamon, Eucalyptus.
Excellent for Public Speakers and Singers.
Price 9d. (sgl. 2/6 (72). 2/6 (144 tablets).

DON'T GROW GREY.
Use Shadforth's
TRANSPARENT HAIR RESTORER
for restoring grey or faded hair to its natural colour.
Price 2/6 with directions. Sent in plain wrapper.
(Prescription 666.)

MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED

THE FAMOUS SARTOR RAINCOAT SENSATION AROUSED BY NEW OFFER.

The Famous SARTOR **17/6** CARR. PAID IN THE BRITISH ISLES

We are positively amazed by the tremendous public response to our special offer to supply the famous SARTOR RAINCOAT for a limited period for 17/6.

We knew that the wonderful offer must prove attractive, but the actual result far surpasses our expectations. Still if or the present the offer remains open. If you write now, you are entitled to receive a Sartor Raincoat at the reduced price—17/6.

SARTOR RAINCOATS (Famous all over the world) are tailored by experts from a fully proofed Gaberdine, with cosy check lining, and are suitable for all weathers.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address on a postcard and we will forward a full range of FREE PATTERNS, style book (Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Youths'), and an accurate self-measurement form.

Our guarantee still holds good. We guarantee every Coat, and if you are not completely satisfied with your purchase, we return your money in full.

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AVOID all SKIMMED CONDENSED MILKS WHICH, according to the new regulations issued by the Ministry of Health, MUST BE LABELLED "UNFIT FOR BABIES"

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SCABIES

Ringworm, Scabies, Psoriasis, Eczema, all cured by

Sulfluid

FOR two thousand years sulphur has been the cure for skin diseases. In its old forms, however, it did not readily reach the root of the many diseases which originate under the skin. Science has now given us, however, this unexceptionable cure, in the ideal form of a sulphur solution known as "Sulfluid." It is a perfectly non-poisonous, non-corrosive and harmless cure for ALL skin diseases, and one no parasite can resist. It is practically immediate in its action.

From your Chemist 3/- a bottle; or, post free 3/9 from the manufacturers.
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126, Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
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Don't miss the joy of laughter.

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Recommended by the leading Harley Street Specialists and Hospitals.

TRY IT FIRST. We have sold hundreds this year, and every one went out on our unique trial terms. YOU can test it first in the same way. You do not purchase until satisfied. Even then you can purchase by instalments. We could not do this unless we were confident the Danjhill Earphone will do what we claim

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Manchester Branch: 24 The Park, Eccles, Manchester.

VENEREAL DISEASES.

WHAT TO DO IF ONE HAS "TAKEN A RISK."

Venereal Diseases are due to germs. Those who have "taken a risk" should immediately wash away the germs with soap while still on the surface. If this is done *within a few minutes* the risk is diminished.

Immediate self-cleansing, though useful, is *not an absolute safeguard*, and is practically useless for women. The only real safety lies in chastity. If a risk has been taken, disease may result in spite of cleansing. The best chance of cure, then, is to get a doctor to watch for the earliest signs of disease and start treatment as soon as they appear.

Full information can be obtained free and in strict confidence from the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102A, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

The Kynaston Method

DR. KYNASTON, the well-known West-End Specialist, definitely states that

95%

OF THE OPERATIONS FOR

Adenoids & Tonsils

are totally unnecessary.

Refuse the Knife.

THE KYNASTON METHOD cures at home; it is a CERTAIN REMEDY for

CATARRH

Both Treatments CURE ADULTS and CHILDREN.

Write (enclosing 2d. stamp)

DIRECTOR,

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W.S.P. Stafford House, Southampton Row, W.C.1

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VIA

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"THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL," 115, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4

A CHILD SACRIFICED

Tragedy of Unemployment and Poverty

LAST week we drew the attention of our readers to the terrible amount of suffering among innocent little children whose parents are unable, through unemployment and poverty, to provide them with the common necessities of life.

Here are details of an appalling tragedy in which a young life was sacrificed through the desperate measures to which the parents had been compelled to resort in their efforts to obtain food.

Henry Elmer, a Liverpool labourer, rendered the best service he could to his country in the hour of need. When he was discharged from the Army in 1920, he looked forward to a happy enjoyment of the fruits of peace with his wife and the little boy who had been born to them.

He had a beautiful home in Hygeia Street, a thoroughfare with a fitting name in a land fit for heroes.

The home began to lose its beauty as week after week passed without a pay-day. One piece of furniture after another had to be sold to pay the rent and clothe and feed the wife and child.

The weeks lengthened into months, and the months into years, but there was no turn in the tide of misfortune. Among the few things that remained in the home was the fireguard kept as a protection for the little boy, now four years old, and at last that had to be sold to buy food.

One morning the child was left alone in the house for a little while, and in those few moments the catastrophe happened. The little fellow approached the unguarded fire and in some way set himself alight, burning himself so severely that he died from his injuries.

The story of the poor man's struggles with poverty came to light in the Coroner's Court. He had been endeavouring to support his wife and child on thirteen shillings a week.

We have sent him a little assistance from "The Greatest of These—" Fund. Will you not help us by your contributions to alleviate in some measure such appalling distress?

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. M. J., parcel; Mrs. A. B. (Southsea), 5s.; Mrs. L. N., 1s.; "Old Aged Pensioner," 2s.; Anon. (Ipswich), 1s.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), £1; "Jack" (Sunbury), 5s.; L. R., 2s. 6d.; C. H., 1s.; Mrs. R. C. (W.1), £1; E. G., 5s.; H. J. K. (Nunhead), 5s.; "Dinkum," 1s.; "Parson's Nose," 1s.; T. D. B., 2s. 6d.; "Rhoda and Jim," £1; "Nancy," 1s.; G. G. (Gillingham), 11s.; X. Y. Z., 4d.; "Poverty," 1s. 6d.; "Bruvver Leslie," 5s.; W. F. C., 1s. 6d.; "Father Christmas," 2s. 6d.; "Leicester Bulletteer," 10s.; "Blue Roses," 2s. 6d.; "Bill," 2s. 6d.; R. C., 2s. 6d.; "Old C. S. M.," 2s. 6d.; "Two Friends," 5s.; (Accrington) 1s.; J. E. C. (Aberystwyth), 10s.; E. G. (Redditch), 10s.; "Artie," 1s.; "Kiddy," 5s.; E. F. R., 2s. 6d.; "Poor Widow," 1s. 6d.; "Widow," E. R., 2s.; "Portland Av.," 10s.; W. C. W., 6s.; "Accumalton Sweep," 7s.; "In Memory of My Three Boys," 5s.; H. L. P., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 4s.; (Romsey), 6d.; Mrs. H. E. P., 4s. 10d.; Sgt. H. C. M., 1s.; "In Memory of Rah Kal," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Workman's Wife," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; S. J. F., 5s.; "Grateful" (Leyton), 10s.; Anon., 6d.; L. H. (Shanklin), 10s.; "Jacinthe G.," 6s.; "Spark," 10s.; "10's," 1s. 6d.; "Santon," 5s.; "Torquinian," 2s.; "Alexis," 1s.; "To Help" (London), 10s.; S. L., 1s.; H. B. M., 10s.; "Dundonald," 10s.; "Scrooge," 3s.; M. M. H. (Boston Spa), 5s.; "North'd Miner," 1s.; "Washing," 2s. 6d. and parcel; "Liverpool 678," £1; M. B., parcel; "Mrs. H. L. and Husband," two dollars; G. G. G. H., 1s.; A. P., 6s. 6d.; J. D. G., 1s.; "W.," £1; Anon., 2s. 6d., "Pat," 1s.; "Widow," 1s. 9d.; C. H., 6s. 8d.; R. L. T. and Wife, 2s. 6d.; "For Dorothy's Sake," 2s. 6d.; "Entré Nous," 2s.; "By Mistake," 1s. 2½d.; Ideal" (Shotton), 6s.; "Promise Fulfilled," 5s.; A. B. S., 2s.; M. B. M., Parcel; X. Y. Z., 1s. 6d. "Waterloo," 10s.; Anon. (Peel), 9s.; Anon. (Bembridge), 4s. 6d.; "1/9th," 2s.; J. H., 1s.; L. M. (Surrey), parcel); "Little Betty," parcel; R. L. (Brisbane), 7s. 9d.; "Xmas Box," 1s. 6d.; A. P. (Canada), one dollar; "Turkey," 5s.; A. G. S. (Leeds), 5s.; "Ex-Corp.," 5s.; W. N. E. (Hull), 10s.; "Cowes," parcel; (Ashford), 2s.; H. G. A., 2s. 6d.; "Peter," 5s.; W. G. G., 1s.; "Micky," parcel; "G." (Bristol), 10s.; "Down," 1s. 3d.; T. M., 1s.; H. D. E., 2s.; Mrs. J. L., 6s. 2d.; J. A., 2s. 6d.; M. W. (Taunton), parcel; C. J. W., 1s. 6d.; "Cubberman," 1s.; A. D., parcel; "Tramp.," £1; "More Joy," 5s.; G. W. S., 2s.; C. H. H., parcel; A. E. B., 2s. 6d.; H. S., 2s. 6d.; K. M. M., 1s.; "Edie," 2s. 6d.; J. A. (Kirkcaldy), £1 1s.; Mrs. P. and Mrs. E., parcel; O. X. O., 2s. 6d.; "Umpteen Ninths," 10s.; A. D. (Oxford), parcel; Mrs. M. S. J., parcel and 2s. 6d.; "Wee Joan's Mother," parcel; Will and Annie, 2s. 6d.; B. B., 3s.; "Reader" (Erith), parcel; Anon., 5s.; "Sympathiser," 2s.; J. H. (Durban), 8s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Potty Bill," 1s.; "Brantford," one dollar; "St. Columb," 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; C. L. (Bournemouth), parcel; "Down But Hopeful," 10½d.; "Unlucky," 1s.; A. & M. K., 2s. 9½d.; "Maoq," 7d.; Mrs. A. McK., parcel;

Many acknowledgments are unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 402.

THIS SUMMER	ENCOURAGING
FAIR MEMBER	SUDDEN CHANGE
POPULAR	ON THE CONTINENT
CHEAP HOLIDAY	SQUEEZED DRY
WHILE YOU WAIT	IN HIS ELEMENT
HER CONSENT	PARTING FRIENDS
IN THE WINDOW	A DAY OFF
VAIN ATTEMPT	BRIGHT LAD
AT THE FINISH	AN OPEN MIND
HASTY JUDGMENT	BROAD HINT

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 27, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 28th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 402 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 402, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 402.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 485.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. T. H. MORBEY,
43, Hoke Street, Daubhill, Bolton, Lancs.

Example:—GOING BY
Bullet:—ARMY TAILOR MEASURES RECRUIT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. H. SANDERSON, 2, West Row, Stokesley, Yorks.

Example:—LOSING FAITH
Bullet:—HITCHING WAGGON "MOKE STAR."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. T. Hoores, 51, Penny Lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

Example:—AFTER THE EXPLOSION
Bullet:—WISE BOSS GENIAL AGAIN.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

L. S. TAYLOR, 6, Selsdon Road, West Norwood, S.E.:
RUN OUT—HE DID—SEASON-TICKET HAD.
Mrs. A. M. TROTTER, 4, Alma Square, Brooks Bar, Manchester:
GOING BY—PRECEDENTS, EASIER THAN THINKING.
J. H. BARSTOW, 61, Tower Road, Aston, Birmingham:
ALL VERY WELL—RAILWAYS COMPLAINING OF ROBBERY.
G. TEBBUTT, 19, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N.:
WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAID—WAS "AMPLIFIED" AFTER "DETECTION."
RONALD JAMES, 45, Woodland Road, Tylorstown, Glam.:
HIS FAULT—DIPLOMAT ACCEPTS APOLOGY FOR.
K. BENSON, 8, Cambridge Grove Road, Norbiton, Surrey:
FAIR GAME—BRIBERY BY PROMISES, EVIDENTLY.
W. T. B. FORTY, 6, Pentland St., Wandsworth, S.W.:
RARE COLLECTION—OF "ROBOTS"—GOVERNMENT MAJORITIES.
M. W. OWEN, 20, Lodge Lane, Derby:
WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAID—CONVINCED "DRUNK" HE WAS.
J. SWAINSON, Mount View, Windermere:
ONE FOR US—NEIGHBOUR'S HENS OFTEN LAY.
Mrs. E. WARBURTON, Mapel Cottage, Brooklands, Cheshire.:
NEW ERA—MARY JANE CLOCKS ON.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. HINTON, Hippodrome, Leicester:
A NIPPER—DESCRIBES LONDONER CROSSING ROADWAY.
E. MOUSLEY, 244, Crown Lane, Horwich, Lancs.:
FRESH FIELDS—FORSAKEN—DANCE HALLS OVERCROWDED.
H. SHELTON, Newtown Linford, Leicester:
A CHALLENGE—EXTREMIST'S IDEA OF ARGUMENT.
F. PALMER, 86, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow:
SUNSHINE—IN SLUMLAND—NATURE'S DOLE.
J. HINDLE, 10, Stewart Street, Bolton:
WHAT I THINK—THOUGHTS UNSPOKEN—FRIENDSHIPS UNBROKEN.
J. CUMPSTEY, Elsinore, Garstang Road, Fulwood, Preston:
MORE AND MORE—DIFFICULT, DIFFICULTIES ONCE SHIRKED.
C. GIBSON, 2, Queen Street, Off Burnley Road, Todmorden, Yorks.:
FALLING OFF—CENTENARIAN'S MEMORY—TILL INTERVIEWED.
T. WRAGG, 2, Ash Mount, Doncaster Road: ———
(Please send full address.)
WONDERFUL TIME—SPLITTING BOTTLES—THEN HEADACHES.
Mrs. C. BOUND, 72, Node Hill, Newport, Isle of Wight:
GOING BY—HARMLESSLY, COMET ASTRONOMER FEARED.
ROBERT LENG, c.o. Mrs. Mills, 16, Rockbourne Road, Forest Hill:
GOING BY—OFFICER—POINT POLICEMAN WINDMILL.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

R. Allerton, 1, Elm Rd., Seaforth, Liverpool; T. C. Arnold, 79, Millfields Rd., Lower Clapton; W. Ashton, 1, Central Parade, E. Finchley; T. Bailey, 12, Whitehall St., Shrewsbury; H. Banks, 73, Chitiye Lane, Chadwell Heath; J. Batten, 151, Bury St., Lower Edmonton; H. Baverstock, Ashdell Rd., Alton; R. Beavers, 41, Reeve St., Lowestoft; W. Bech, 4, Francis Ter., Rodney St., Hull; E. Blacow, 36, Careless Lane, Higher Ince, Wigan; F. Brown, 22, Marne Av., New Southgate; F. Bucker, 405, Ashton Rd., Oldham; C. Byron, 91, Westgate, Lincoln; H. Chenhall, 2, Ridley St., Cramlington, Northumberland; Petty Officer Chester, 90, Lucas Rd., Colchester; A. Coldridge, 12, Hesond Cres., Ledbury, Herefordshire; E. C. Cook, Kinson Rd., E. Howe, Bournemouth; T. Cooper, 48, Queen St., Wolverhampton; W. Dallas, The Hut, Cop Lane, Penwortham, Preston; Miss Dare, 80, Milton Rd., W. Hendon; D. Davidson, 9, Castle Glen, Kirkcudbright; W. Davies, 58, De Burgh St., Cardiff; F. Day, 1, Hove Villa, Devon Rd., Whitton, Feltersham; Mrs. D. Dean, 15, Tatton St., Knutsford, Cheshire; G. Duffield, 191, Alderson Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; H. Eanor, 282, Portland Rd., Birmingham; Miss L. Fitzgerald, 86, North St., Portree; C. Fox, 46, Leopold St., Gateshead; J. Frayne, 46, Holland St., Brighton; O. Garswood, 8, Strath Av., Manor Park; Mrs. F. Gilbert, 80, King Sq., Devonport; G. Gill, 42, Birchley St., St. Helens; C. Green, 31, Justice St., Perth, Glam.; Mrs. C. Greenfield, 105, High St., Teddington; H. Hagues, Church Lane, Marfleet, nr. Hull; M. Hampton, 4, Vulcan Rd., Bromley; Mrs. V. Hay, 1, Penny-Bryn Ter., Treforest, Perth, Glam.; Mrs. F. Hayter, 27A, Glenfield Rd., Balham; W. Heath, 2, Hopeyard St., Lincoln; Miss J. Hewitt, 9, Albert Rd., Wood Green; G. Hindle, 14, Smallman St., Stafford; Miss G. Honeyhall, 28, Rosebery Av., Gloucester; T. Howsley, 24, Kenyon Rd., Derby; S. Howson, 181, High St., Uxbridge; C. Jackson, 6, Stanmore Rd., Belvedere, Kent; J. Kinsella, 9, Clonmore Ter., Ballybough Rd., Dublin; R. Lawson, 23, Lake Ter., Hunslet Carr, Leeds; R. Lawson, 17, North Glencoats, Fife; D. Lewis, 66, Banks Rd., Garston, Liverpool; C. Lewis, Manor Cottage, Hockley Rd., Wilmcote, Stanworth; A.

(Continued in next Column.)

£250 IN PRIZES

£250 FIRST PRIZE

2nd. Prize £20

3rd. Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

100 Prizes of £1

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

4,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 487.

IN THE CABINET
MARCHING ALONG
WINSTON'S FUTURE
LOT TO SAY
INQUISITIVE
BOLD AND BAD
KILLING THE GOOSE
BIG QUESTION
TRIAL OF STRENGTH
AS YOU WERE
A CHANCE
ON TRIAL
REVIVING
WHAT FUN
DANCING
FAITHFUL SERVANT
POURING
ALL WRONG
HER FIRST WORD
A PENNYWORTH
FINDING FAVOUR
ON THE RIVER
PUBLIC OPINION
IN SILENCE
SUSPICIOUS
OVER THE STILE
MY FAMILY
A JOB
POOR PLAY
AFTER THE REST
FULL OF LIFE
IN A PICKLE

(Continued from previous Column.)

Maclean, 58, Woodfield Rd., King's Heath, Birmingham; G. Makin, 14, Annesley Grove, Nottingham; Miss Manning, 91, Cavendish St., Belfast; C. Marks, 34, Birley St., Blackpool; R. McNicol, 2, Cotton St., Castle Douglas, N.B.; G. Messenger, 52, Barclay St., N.W.1; A. Mills, Oakwood Glen, Otterbourne, Hants; W. Montgomery, 28, Fisher St., Dennistoun, Glasgow; L. Moores, 196, Shaw Rd., Royton, Lancs; J. Morgan, 7, Brynheulog St., Port Talbot; J. Mortimer, "Red Lodge," Chobham, Woking; E. Upton Nelson, 10, Waverley Grove, Southsea; W. Otley, 70, Barlestone Rd., Bagworth, Leicester; Mrs. L. Peak, 8, North Parade, Penzance; J. Percival, 56, Huxley St., Castle, Northwich; J. Phillips, Victoria Av., Whitehead, Co. Antrim; G. Pile, West St., Folkingham, Linc; S. Pilgrim, 14, George Rd., Brentford; G. Popp, 7, Alma Rd. Av., Clifton, Bristol; O. Prudden, Shire Hall, Bedford; C. Riddick, 19, Grosvenor Rd., E. Grinstead; Mrs. H. Richards, Ardsor Park Ter., Burry Port, Carms; O. Richards, 59, Pentre, Glam.; J. Robinson, 19, Queen St., Harrow; S. Rowe, 49, Kingsway, Bedford Rd., Northampton; H. Rowley, "Bibury," R. Kirkley, Notts; H. Rowley, 7, Bibury, Bedford Hill Rd., Cowes; J. Rowlings, Saddell Mains, Carradale, Argyll; Mrs. E. Russell, 8, Humber Av., Coventry; Mrs. Sandham, 6, Beech St., Lancaster; Miss E. Scott, "Llwyno Rhos," Grove Park, Colwyn Bay; J. Scott, 52, Lindsey Rd., Chadwell Heath; D. Smart, junr., 1, Church St., Ferry Hill, Co. Durham; F. Smith, 14, Wharf Lane, Staveley, Chesterfield; W. O. Smith, Osborne Ho., E. Cowes; C. Stapleton, West End, St. Austell; T. Sterne, 5, Rockingham Rd., Layton; E. Theobald, nr. Church, Thundon, nr. Rye, Sussex; C. Tripe, 42, Admiralty Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; H. Turner, 18, Broad Oak St., Nottingham; A. Tyler, 28, St. Paul's Rd., Rock Ferry, Birkenhead; A. Walkington, 6, Elmmore St., Hem Hde, Manchester; H. Wallis, 98, Heath Rd., Stockport; C. Ware, 14, Hunt Rd., Westgate-on-Sea; E. Wartilow, 19, Station Rd., Stone, Staffs; A. Weller, 1, Kingswood Rd., Penge; S. Wilkes, 12, Potters Lane, Wednesbury; Mrs. A. Williams, 18, Hawkhurst Manor, Chislehurst; S. Woodhead, junr., 18, Station Av., Pendlebury; Mrs. A. Woolley, 10, Forest Rd., Tunbridge Wells; J. Workman, 66, High St., Trudoxhill, Som.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.
Choose any of the examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, **EACH** of which can **begin with any letter in the alphabet.** These specimens will guide you: Example:—OUR BABY Bullet:—AND FRANCE'S GIANT—AVIATION. Example:—YOUNG MOTHER Bullet:—FINDS "KEEPING YOUNG" DIFFICULT. Example:—RISKY MOVE Bullet:—SECRET SOCIETY ADMITS WOMAN. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 487, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 21.

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Example
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Example
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With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
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Closing Date, Thursday, June 21.

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Bullet
Example
Bullet
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I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
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Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(487) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, June 21.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(487) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 485 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 487 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 484, can now be seen in the window of Mrs. Barnes, Newsagent, High Street, Brightlingsea, Essex.

"Bullets" Rules and selection of Examples for Competition No. 488 will be found on page 28.

As necessary to Man
as hairpins to a woman

Ruffled hair mostly means ruffled temper. Lank locks falling over the forehead are a constant irritation.

A little Icilma Brilliantine *every morning* keeps the hair fresh and tidy all day long.

Popular Price, 1/3, solid or liquid.

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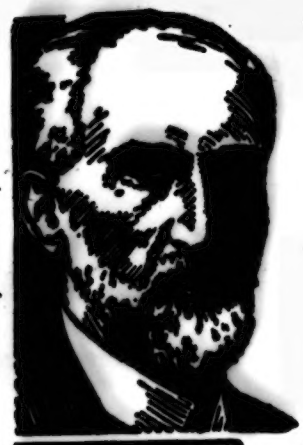
Whether you use the Solid or the Liquid Brilliantine is mainly a matter of taste. But heavy heads of hair need Solid Brilliantine, while *fine* hair is rendered wonderfully silky by the Liquid Crystal Brilliantine.



Sleepless, Run-down, Nervous!

The Cure of a Man who could not eat nor sleep, because of Nervous Breakdown.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nerves	Anæmia
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Especially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets

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Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

THE CITY LIFE
Assurance Company, Ltd.

Assets Exceed	£1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	£350,000
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HEAD OFFICE:
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The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely and lastingly covered with luxuriant growth.

HIS HAIR GREW

The mixture called Kotalko is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. KOTALKO has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

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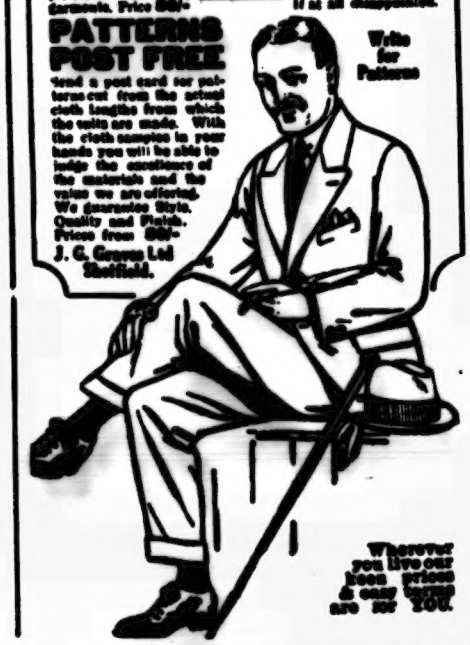

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